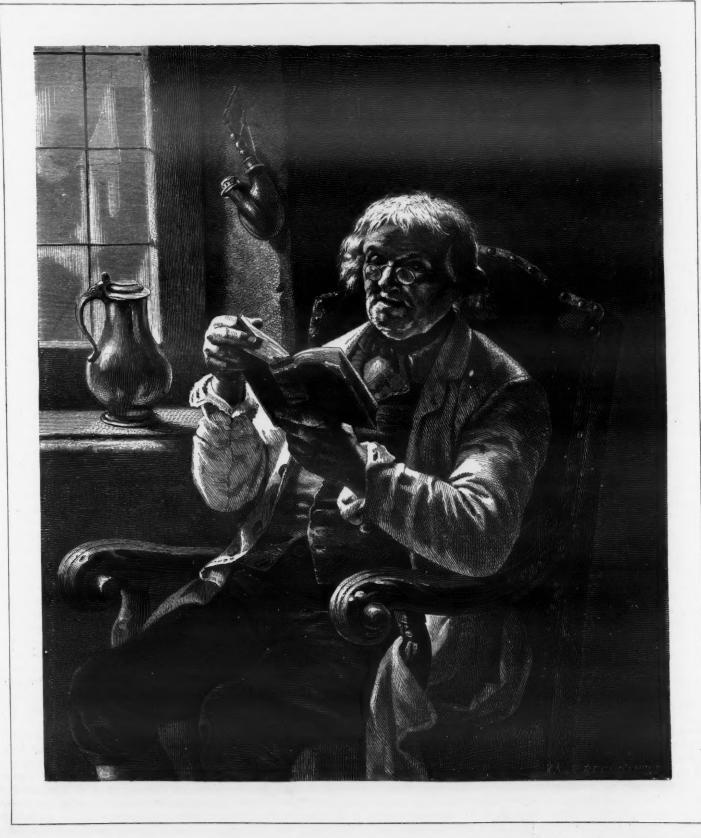
Mes Alline

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THE LION'S BRIDE.

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SUNDAY READING. - AFTER J. LULVES.

EARTH IS WINTER, HEAVEN IS SPRING.

EARTH is winter, Heaven is spring; Therefore with the robins si You who weep in laughing May For your darlings gone away.

They have died as dies the rose, Other beauty to disclose; In God's garden they appear Who have vanished from us here.

Through earth's weary, wintry years, Falls the bitter rain of tears ; Under grief's persistent sno Heartsease tries in vain to grow.

Skies are gray with cloudy drifts, Sunshine comes through narrow rifts — Ah! the climate is not meet Any blossom to complete.

So, when sweet friends fall asleep, u should rather smile than weep; They will wake from mystic rest, In the country of the blest.

You will find them blooming there, In the love-illumined air. Therefore with the robins sing -Earth is winter, Heaven is spring.

— Mrs. M. F. Butts.

THE LION'S BRIDE.

THE true place in art history of any school of art, and the true value of that school as compared with all the art schools of the world, are only to be ascertained when its full history is known, and we are able to say what it has done, which is not likely to happen until it has become an extinct school, and its artists have been almost forgotten, so far as their personality is concerned, even if their works are still remembered.

The truth of this saving is to be traced in the history of more than one of the European schools, both modern and ancient; for, take up the history of what one of these schools we will, we find that it has had its periods of rise, decline and fall, with the same repeated throughout its history. Nor have these variations been simply variations of popular favor - the as much to do with the matter.

Thus, after the death of Albert Dürer in 1528, painting in Germany declined with great rapidity, the artists who succeeded him and Van Leyden showing a disposition to combine German with Italian peculiarities, without, however, attaining any marked results. The same thing may be said of the German artists of the eighteenth century, with this difference, that they copied France rather than Italy. To be sure, one artist - Carstens (1754-1798), with several followers, tried to lead artists into nobler fields, but he met with poor success; as did Goethe, Lessing, Schiller, Richter, and others of the romantic school of literature, who all attempted to define the abstract principles of painting as well as of art in its other branches, but who only succeeded in forcing a submission to abstract laws instead of the wild freedom and independence of style which we should have expected.

We have neither space nor time for a history of the modern German school of art, and will only now mention Peter von Cornelius, who was born in 1783, and lived until 1867. His title to fame rests on two facts - that he was the one to restore the art of fresco-painting on a large scale, which had been so long disused; and that he was the founder of the Munich school of painting. Of the two the latter fact is of more importance to us just now. Cornelius was only nineteen when he gave proof of no small modicum of genius in producing some frescoes for the old church at Neuss; he sealed his patent for fame by a truly marvelous series of illustrations of Goethe's tures were full enough of faults, but were not less full of beauties, and justified predictions of the artist's future greatness

In 1811 he went to Rome, and remained there for eight years, when he returned to take part, at the in-

Munich -- the former representing scenes from heathen mythology, and the latter a series of events from the New Testament.

Von Kaulbach, of all Cornelius's many pupils, was the only one who attained to anything like an independent style in large compositions. His principal readily work is his "Battle of the Huns," in the Berlin panum. Museum.

Of those who owe most to the generosity of Ludwig I., Karl Piloty must be named among others. He was born in Munich, October 1, 1826, and studied there, at Paris, Brussels, Rome, and London, and first became known to fame in 1853, by the exhibition of his picture, "Establishment of the Catholic League." Other works followed, and he was soon made professor in the Academy - in which position he remained for some twenty years, and then, on the death of Kaulbach, 1874, Piloty became the Director of the institution instead of his master.

His position gave Piloty many pupils who have since made their mark in the art world, and among them we are not surprised to find Rahn, Dietz, Lessing, Hans Makart and Gabriel Max - all of them young men, but all men who have achieved something for the art of the present day as opposed to the art of the past.

Thus among genre painters of the Munich school and we doubt whether we ought to include him in any school whatever - we may place, first of all, Gabriel Max, who was a pupil of Piloty's before he achieved something for himself. Readers of The ALDINE are not unfamiliar with the works of this master of genre art. Of his pictures, "The Last Token," which was shown at the Loan Exhibition, and "A Sick Orang-Outang," engravings have been published in our pages - an honor to which we did not think his "The Anatomist," exhibited at the Centennial, entitled.

In this number we give a careful engraving from his picture of "The Lion's Bride," in which he has shown all his best powers of representing human agony and animal triumph with truth, force and exactness. The lion has stricken down the bride of his powers and performances of the artists have had quite keeper, in revenge for having been deprived of the company of his favorite lioness, and glares through the bars at the aggrieved keeper, who, armed as he is, hesitates to shoot, lest he should still further imperil the chances of life of the prostrate maiden. All the details of the picture recall those of "The Last Token," in that it contains a wild animal in the attitude of rage; a young woman prostrate before the wild beast; and the keeper, as spectator, utterly frightened. All the painter's best points are preserved, and both his virtues and his faults are well displayed in the picture, which deserves to be well studied as a good exemplar of his style.

SUNDAY READING.

Not the least of the ills to which old age subjects us is loss of hearing. It is worse, of course, to become blind than deaf, but deafness is quite bad enough and much worse than the blunting of the other faculties which age always brings with it. A man may get along tolerably well without teeth, for, if he can not afford the aid of the dentist, his food can be artificially disintegrated for him; he may endure life when deprived of the sense of taste, for thereby he misses chiefly a pleasure; the loss of feeling and of motion to which age is subject is not such an altogether unmixed evil, since it has its compensation in an increased delight in the quiet fireside and the contemplative retrospect over the past, at all times so dear to the aged. The loss of eyesight and of hearing, however, are hard to be borne, and for-"Faust," and of the "Nibelungen Lied," a favorite subject with German artists and authors. Those pictient in the same person at the same period. Thus tent in the same person at the same period. Thus again those who are more deaf than blind, but in either case the one sense seems to supplement the shortcomings of the other.

As we have said, however, if the greatest evil is the above the plain between Tadjémont and me.

vitation of Ludwig I. of Bavaria, in adorning with dimness of vision, the next greatest is certainly the frescoes the Glyptothek, and the Ludwig's Kirche, at loss of the power of hearing sounds. Indeed, we are not sure that the latter is not the worse loss of the two at the present day, for the reason that, while science can do, and has done, much to increase a man's powers of vision, little or nothing has yet been done toward helping the failing ear to catch more readily the sounds which fall upon its dulled tym-

> Especially hard in many respects is this affliction of growing deafness upon those whose lives have been lives of hard labor - either of hands or of heads by which they have earned and conquered the right to expect a quiet and peaceful evening of life, with the enjoyment secured to them of such pleasures as best befit their age, foremost among which is the pleasure to be derived from social intercourse. persons, as a rule, have comparatively little of friendly intercourse with their neighbors during the active part of their lives, and hence it becomes the main attraction of their leisure time. The men who have been busiest look forward with the most vivid anticipations to the opportunity, which they propose to find when a competency has been secured, or when they are obliged to stop work, for a time of complete idleness. To be sure, it is often with them as with the rest of us, that the realization of their hopes does not prove quite the source of unmixed joy they had expected, but when that realization is prevented by such an affliction as deafness, it seems to become doubly precious by reason of the unexpected deprivation.

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It must not be supposed that the friendly intercourse of which we have spoken, and which is so dear to persons of this class, is limited to the mere acts of feasting and visiting. On the contrary, it comprehends not only these but also nearly all the occasions where neighbors meet, and, perhaps, more than any other, the meeting at church, where very much goes on - not only in the rural regions of America and of Europe, but also in the cities - of which the clergyman takes no cognizance. It is there, around the church doors, in our own country - East, West, South and North - from New England to the Pacific, that the Sunday congregation exchange their weekly budgets of news gossip, alike interesting from each and to all. The same things are true as well in Europe, both on the Continent and in England, but more especially there, as well as here, in the country towns and hamlets rather than in the cities, though the motive and the general action is the same in each.

It is this phase of the deprivation that is felt by the grandfather represented in our engraving. Feeble and deaf-but more deaf than feeble - by reason of age, he could not hope to cope with his youngers in discussing around the church doors the gossip of the day - which is not indeed gossip of his day, for the mates of his youth have preceded him to the land of the beyond. Nor could he hope to hear either the comforting sermon or the solemn psalm when he had gained the inside of the kirk.

His resource is, then, the volume of sermons which constitutes the household book of "Sunday reading," and with which he may console himself, until the return of his friends and neighbors from the church services shall give him company so near at hand that he can hear what is said, and so near of blood and love that he will be supplied with the sort of gossip he most needs to connect him with the outer world.

A BEDOUIN TRIBE ON THE MOVE.

THE following sketch is translated from the late Eugène Fromentin's "Voyage into the Sahara

For an hour we had been marching silently, dulled and heavy by the sun which embraced our shoulders, when a puff of wind coming from space brought to us the far-off sound of Arabic music. At this noise, so unexpected in this desolate place, the we find old people who are more blind than deaf, and two "spahis" turned partly around to indicate that they heard it, and the little Ali, almost standing upright upon his mule, earnestly gazed in the direction of the wind. A line of dust commenced to form

"It is a tribe traveling," said Ali: "'rahil' changing quarters.

In fact, the music was not long in approaching, and one could soon recognize the meagre band of "cornemuses," playing one of those strange airs which serve as well for the dance as for the march, the measure being marked by regular strokes struck upon tambourines. One heard also, an instant, the barking of dogs. Then the dust seemed to take form, and one saw a long file of horsemen and loaded camels coming toward us, and disposing themselves to cross the Oued near the spot to which we ourselves tended.

Finally it was possible for us to distinguish the order of march and of what the caravan was composed. It was numerous, and occupied a long, narrow line, stretching over a good half mile. The horsemen came at the head, in closed platoons, escorting a standard of three colors — red, green and yellow - with three balls of copper and the crescent at the extremity of the staff; beyond, and upon the backs of white dromedaries, or as near white as very light fawn, one saw balanced four or five "atatiches of brilliant colors; then came a battalion of camels, all brown, loaded, and stimulated by drivers on foot finally, and altogether behind, ran, keeping to the long steps of the dromedaries, an immense flock of sheep and black goats, divided into little bands, each one conducted by a woman or a negro, watched by a man on horseback and flanked by dogs.

"These are of the tribe 'Arba,' " said Ali.

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"It makes no difference so they are not of the tribe Sheriff," said the lieutenant.

The great tribe of the Arbas, who camp in the environs of El-Aghouat, is one of the most important in the south of the French possessions. It is, with the famous and noble tribe of the Ouled-Sidi-Scheik, the strongest, the bravest, the most warlike, the richest, and, finally, the best mounted perhaps of the Saharan tribes. They have taken part in all the troubles which have agitated the Desert for fifteen years back; particularly they have been mixed in all the warlike troubles. We had them against us behind the walls of El-Aghouat; a great number of them followed even to Onargla the wandering forthat that partisan chief continues to recruit his best and most formidable horsemen.

At the moment we attained the border of the river, the advance guard, mounted, were already there, and the first white chasseur carrier of "artouche" was commencing to descend majestically the opposite shore. The cavaliers were armed as for war - costumed, adorned, equipped as for a military display. All had their long guns with silver bands, suspended from the shoulder by broad belts, or posed horizontally across the saddle, or held in the right hand, the handle resting upon the knee. Some wore the contheir burnous drawn down to the eyebrow, the haïk raised to the nose; and those whose beards could not not budge. be seen resembled thin and tawny women. Others more strangely coiffés with high kolbates without rims of the skin of the male ostrich, naked to the waist, with the haïk rolled as a scarf, the belt garnished with knives and pistols, and the vast pantaloons in red cloth, in orange, green or blue, ornamented with gold or silver; paraded superbly upon large horses robed in silk, as in the Middle Ages, with their long "chélils," or caparisons, striped and garnished with bells of copper, jingling to the movement of the croup and long flowing tail. There were many beautiful horses, but that which struck me more than their beauty was the unexpected visibleness of so many strange colors.

I found those strange shades of color so well observed by the Arabs, so boldly expressed by the comparisons of their poets. I noticed the black horse with blue reflections that they compare to "pigeons in the shade;" those horses the color of reeds; the horses scarlet as the first blood of a wound; the white ones were like snow, and the sorrels of the color

of a very light gray, whose skin could be seen between They had handkerchiefs of black satin folded upon their moist and trimmed hairs, resembled human flesh tints and could be boldly called rose horses. While this cavalcade, so magnificently colored, approached us, I thought of some equestrian pictures become celebrated by the noise they caused, and I understood the difference that exists between the language of painters and the vocabulary of the ordinary horse-jockey.

In the centre of this brilliant staff, a few steps in advance of the standard, cantered, the one near the other, and in the simplest garb, an old man with gray beard and a quite young man without beard. The old man was dressed in thick woolen stuffs, and had nothing to distinguish him but modesty and the irreproachable cleanliness of his garments, his great stature, the thickness of his mantle, the extraordinary ampleness of his burnous, above all, the size of his head, coiffée with three or four hoods, one over the other. Buried rather than sitting in his vast saddle the most brilliant point and the obvious centre of the of crimson velvet embroidered with gold, his large feet encased in slippers attached to stirrups damaskened with gold, and his two hands resting upon the glittering pommel of his saddle, he led at gentle pace a young mare of light gray color, with dusky tail, dilated nostrils, and beautiful gentle eyes, shaded by long dark lashes, like the eye of an oriental beauty enlarged by the "koeul."

A negro cavalier, in green livery, led by hand his battle-horse, a superb animal, with a skin of white satin, dressed in brocade and all harnessed with gold, who danced to the sound of the music and proudly sounded the bells of his "chélil," the amulets of his breast-trappings and the splendid jewelry of his bridle. Another groom carried his sabre and his finest gun.

The young man was dressed in white and mounted upon a horse entirely black, with enormous chest, tail trailing the sand and its head half hidden in its thick mane. He was slim, almost white and very pale: it was strange to see such a powerful beast in the hands of an adolescent so delicate. He seemed quite effeminate, cunning, imperious and insolent. He winked in looking at us from a distance, and his eyes, bordered with antimony, with his colorless tint, gave to him still more the appearance of a young girl. tunes of Sheriff, and it is still from among the Arbas He wore no ornaments, not the least embroidery upon his vestments, and of all his person, carefully enveloped in fine wool, one could see but the extremities of his boots without spurs and the hand which held the bridle - a little thin hand with a large diamond. He came up thrown back on the rear of his saddle of violet velvet embroidered with silver, escorted by two magnificent greyhounds, whose haunches were marked as with fire, gayly bounding between the legs of his horse.

As soon as he perceived this old grand lord and his on, Ali made a movement as if to throw himself to the ground and run to prostrate himself before them, ical straw hat trimmed with black feathers, others had but the lieutenant placed a hand upon his shoulder the child, astonished, understood its meaning and did

> The old man passed and saluted us coldly with his hand. We responded with as much superiority as we could. As to the young man, arrived within two steps of us, he made his horse to cabriole: the animal, raised from his four feet by this prodigious bound, in which the cavaliers of Arabia excel, almost touched us with his mane, and regained the ground more than two paces beyond us. The little prince had ably dispensed with the salute, and his escort continued to defile before us without even throwing their eyes upon us.

The musicians came next, marching in two ranks, the bridle passed over the arm, some striking with martial gestures upon little square frames with skins stretched upon them; others upon tambourines of metal of the diameter of a kettledrum; others blew the rage of the dogs and added to the fright of the into long bagpipes in the form of hautboys. Then arrived, two abreast, the richest equipages in front, the extreme rear guard of the caravan. the camels carrying the "atatiches." These were During one hour we heard the noise large animals, with large flanks, muscular, glossy, and of fine gold. Others, of a dark gray, under the lustre almost as white as the true mahara, and marching, as of perspiration became exactly violet; others again, the Arabs say, "with the noble step of the ostrich." Mountain of the East.

their necks and silver rings upon their fore legs. The "atatiches," a sort of large basket covered with stuffs, the bottom furnished with cushions and carpets, whose extremities fell like curtains upon the two sides of the dromedary, presenting more the appearance of a canopy carried in a procession than a sleeping-chamber for traveling. Imagine all sorts of precious stuffs, an assemblage of all the colors - of damask, color of citron, striped with black satin, with arabesques of gold upon the black ground and flowers of silver upon the citron; a complete "artouche" of scarlet silk with two bands the color of olive; orange by the side of violet, rose crossed with blue; tender blues with cold greens: then the cushions, half cherry color and half emerald; carpets of long wool and of more sober colors, crimson, purples and pomegranate —all this married with that natural fancy of the orientalists, the only colorists of the world. It was caravan. Seen from the front and a little distance from you, this high towering construction rises like a glittering mitre above the venerable heads of the white dromedaries, and completes that sacerdotal physiognomy so well known of them. One could see nothing of the distinguished voyagers within, suspended in this sumptuous cradle; but a negro on foot, who kept himself constantly below each chamber, from time to time raised his head and answered a voice that spoke to him through the tapestries.

There ended the luxury of stuffs and the dazzle of colors, for immediately after came the camels of burden, carrying the tents, the furniture, the cooking utensils of each family, accompanied by the women, the children, some servitors on foot and the poorer of the tribe. Boxes, some "lettis," with their rounded bodies striped with yellow and brown, dishes of "houskousson," basins of copper, arms in bundles, utensils of all kinds clashing and jingling to the movements of the march. From each side hung black leather bottles, pell-mell with dozens of chickens tied together by the feet, who kept up a continual flapping of wings and cries of distress; above all that the tent rolled around its supports like a sail around its yard; then a stick projected into and held by the cords, much as a mast is held by its rigging such was the aspect uniformly offered by each monstrous back of a camel. There were one hundred and fifty or nearly two hundred to transport the baggage and the "skin houses" of that little city, nomadic and "moving."

One saw, besides, young boys seated altogether behind the beasts, just over the tail, who shouted when the animals too hurried embarrassed one in the other, and little children, all naked, suspended to the extremity of the load, sometimes squatted in a kitchen platter and balanced as in a cradle. With the exception of the harem, who traveled in closed apartments, all the women came on foot, upon each flank of the caravan, without vails, their distaffs in their girdles and spinning. Little girls followed, dragging or carrying, attached in their vails, the youngest and the least alert of the band. Old women, attenuated by age, toiled on, leaning upon sticks, while heavy old men were carried upon the backs of little asses, their feet dragging in the sand. There were negroes, too, who in their arms of ebony held pretty nurslings, coiffés in red "chechias;" others led by a long cord mares, covered from breast to tail with "djellales," making noisy music and followed by their colts; and I saw some who led by the horns ferocious rams, as if they were dragging them to sacrifice. Cavaliers galloped in the middle of the crowd, and from afar gave orders to those who, altogether behind, led the troop of free camels and the sheep. It was there that was kept the pack of dogs, barking and worrying at the tail of the troop. Our approach augmented sheep. We took to the trot and soon we had passed

During one hour we heard the noise of the "cornemuses," and saw the dust, which gradually lost itself, as a "cloud by day," in the direction of the -J. S. D.



THE INTRUDER. - AFTER GUSTAVE SÜS

THE INTRUDER.

READERS of THE ALDINE are by no means unfamiliar with the works of Gustave Süs, more than one of whose pictures have been reproduced in our pages. He seems to have as keen an appreciation of and as great love for poultry as Landseer had for animals. Or, perhaps, it might be more correct to compare him to our own Beard, both having succeeded in catching what may be called the humorous side of the life of that portion of the animal creation which they have undertaken to portray. In the picture before us we have an exceedingly good example of the artist's work, not only in respect to the newly fledged birds, but also to their surroundings as well. Nothing could be more tender and delicate, nor yet more truthful, than the manner in which the weeds and grasses around the new-comers have been painted. At the same time there is humor of a most irresistible quality in the expressions of all three of the feathered bipeds. The quiet leer of the duckling, who has apparently been hatched among the brood of chickens by some dire' mistake; the air of gossiping wonder and utter amazement with which the younger chicken regards its newly fledged and incongruous mate; and the rage of the elder chick at such a violation of all the proprieties could hardly be excelled by any painter of the life of the lower part of the animal creation.

It is evident, not less from this than from other pictures by Mr. Süs which we have given, that he is as much moved in his work by love of art as by any care for either money or fame. There is an air of enthu-

lence and Indigence," and "Chicken-Hearted," here- the picture would be complete. Doubtless they are tofore published in THE ALDINE, which shows a man thoroughly imbued with the spirit of his work. shows, too, a conscientiousness of study and a carefulness of execution much more rare than it ought to be in art work generally. We can not help thinking that Mr. Süs must have been reared "among pigs and chickens," or he would not have had such an intimate acquaintance with the inhabitants of the poultry yard. Nothing less than something very near a life-long study could possibly account for such perfect reproductions of nature.

TIRED OUT.

A most charming woodland scene is the one which Mr. Dünk has given us. Every detail is carefully worked out both in the figures and in the landscape. The cool recesses of the wood; the wide fronds of the ferns; the startled hares, all astonishment at the unwonted invasion of their retreat; the harmless little lizard equally surprised at what he never saw there before, and what is undoubtedly entirely a new*thing in his limited experience of life. The story of the picture is so thoroughly told, that nothing we could say would in any way assist toward the comprehension of it. The little one has evidently wandered far, and that she has been industrious her full vase sufficiently shows. No wonder that she has succumbed at last to the mingled heat and fatigue, and so has sunk down to sleep among the inhabitants of the wood, who are always most thoroughly in accord with innocent childsiasm, and of loving care for his subject, about such hood. All that is wanting is that the fairies, who watch pictures as the one before us, as well as his "Opu- over the sleep of such little ones, should appear, when the move

watching, however, though concealed from our coarser human vision. To the child they are undoubtedly visible, gamboling through all her dreams, and making her brief "resting spell" - sweet visions which memory will reproduce for her for years - perhaps through all her life.

THE LAST CLASS.

A TALE TOLD BY A LITTLE ALSACIAN.

THAT morning I was very late for school, and I had great fear of being reprimanded, particularly as M. Hamel had informed us that he would interrogate us upon the participles, and I did not know the first word. One moment the idea came to me to miss the class and take the path across the fields; it was so warm and the atmosphere so clear you could hear the blackbirds whistling in the edge of the woods, and in Ripperts' Field, behind the sawmill, the Prussians drilling; all this tempted me much more than the rule of participles; but I had strength to resist, and ran as fast as I could toward the school.

In passing before the mayor's office * I saw many people gathered before the little wired frames. For two years this had been the source of the bad newsbattles lost, the requisitions, the orders from headquarters; and I was thinking, without stopping, "What is there now?" Then, as I was crossing the there me: you thou and 0 so n

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Every village has its "Mairie," from which issue all documents pertaining to the village; these documents are advertised by being placed in frames with a wire netting to protect the papers up and down each side of the office door. It was in this manner the peasants learned ats of the two arm



TIRED OUT! - AFTER F. DÜNK

there with his apprentice reading the bill, called after ancient letter carrier, and then many others - everyme: "You need not be in such a hurry, little one; you will arrive soon enough at your school." I thought he was "making fun of me," so ran the faster, and entered M. Hamel's little yard all out of breath.

Ordinarily, at the commencement of class, they made so much noise it could be heard far down the street; desks opening and closing; lessons repeated together and at the top of their voices; fingers in their ears that they might better learn; and the master's heavy ruler tapping upon the table for "a little silence! I counted on all this bustle and noise to gain my seat without being seen; but upon that morning all was as still as a Sabbath day. Through the open window I saw my comrades already ranged in their places, and M. Hamel, who passed and repassed with the terrible iron ruler under his arm. It was necessary to open the door and enter in the middle of this great calm. You think I was red and frightened ; but I was not. M. Hamel looked at me without anger, and said, very gently, "Go fast to thy place, little Frantz; we were going to commence without thee." I straddled the bench and seated myself as soon as possible at my desk. Then, only, when my agitation had quieted, I remarked that our master wore his long coat of beautiful green, and his shiny frilled shirt, and his cap of embroidered black silk, that he wore only upon the days of inspection and distribution of prizes; and that, too, there was something extraordinary and solemn pervading all the school; but that which surprised me the most was to see, at the bottom of the room, upon the benches which were habitually

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body there appeared sad. The crier had brought an old A B C book, eaten and dog-eared, which he held wide open upon his knees, and upon his nose his great iron spectacles, going from right to left across the pages. While I was wondering at all this, M. Hamel had taken his chair, and in the same gentle but grave voice with which he had received me, said to us: "My children, this is the last time I shall call this class; the order is come from Berlin - henceforth the German language only must be taught in the schools of Alsace and Lorraine. The new master arrives to-morrow. To-day is your last lesson in French; I pray you to be very attentive." These few words upset me completely. Oh! the miserables. Now I knew what they were reading at the mayor's office door. My last lesson in French! I who knew scarcely how to write. I should then never learn. I should remain just as I was. Oh! how I wished for the lost time, the classes missed to run a bird-nesting or to make slides upon the Saar! My books, which but a little while ago I found so tiresome, so heavy to carry, my grammar, my "Histoire Sainte," seemed to me now as old friends, to part from whom would give me great pain. And M. Hamel! The idea that he was going away - that I should never see him again, made me forget all the punishments, all the strokes of the rule. Poor man! it was then in honor of this last class that he had put on his beautiful Sunday clothes; and now I understood why these old men of the room. It seemed to say that they regretted not

"place" at a run, the blacksmith, Wachter, who was old crier with his great stick; the old mayor; the way to thank our master for his forty years of good service, and to render their duty to the country from which he was going.

I was just there in my reflections, when I heard my name called. It was my turn to recite. What would I not have given to be able to say all that famous rule of participles at the top of my voice, clearly and without a fault; but I was befogged at the first words, and I stood balancing myself in my place, my heart swelling, without daring to raise my head. Hamel speak to me: "I do not complain to thee, little Frantz; thou wilt be punished enough; this is how it is -every day one says to himself, 'Bah! I have plenty of time. I will learn to-morrow.' And thou seest what happens. Ah! that has been the great misfortune of our Alsace, always to put off instruction until 'to-morrow.' Now these other people have the right to say to us: 'What! You pretend to be French, and don't know either how to speak or to write your language!' In all that, my poor Frantz, thou art not the great sinner. We have all of us something to reproach ourselves with. Your parents did not sufficiently care to see you instructed; they liked better to send you to work in the fields or among the flax, that they might have a few pennies more. Myself, have I nothing to blame myself with? Have I not often made you water my garden in place of studying? and when I wished to go trout-fishing did I hesitate in giving you all halt holiday?

Then, from one thing to another, M. Hamel spoke to us of the French language; saying that it was the of the village were come to seat themselves at the end most beautiful language in the world, the clearest, the most solid; that it was necessary to guard it among empty, village people seated and as silent as we. The having come oftener to that school. It was also their us and never forget it; because, when a people become

slaves, as long as they hold firmly to their language it was as though they held the key to their prison. Then he took a grammar and read to us the lesson I was astonished to see how I comprehended all. All that he said seemed to me so easy, so easy. I believe, also, that I had never listened so attentively and that he had never used such patience in his explanations. One might say that, before going away, the poor dear man wished to give us all he knew, and at one stroke force it into all our heads.

The lesson finished, we passed to writing. For that day M. Hamel had prepared us new samples, upon which were written in beautiful round-hand: "France, Alsace; France, Alsace;" made in the shape of little flags, and attached to the corner of each desk. how we applied ourselves, and what silence! Nothing some place where they could exhibit their works, and on account of its great merit, notwithstanding the fact

was heard but the scratching of the pens upon the paper. Once some May-flies entered, but no one paid any attention to them: not even the smallest, who applied themselves to tracing their "pot-hooks" with a heart, a conscience as if that was already French. Upon the tiles of the roof, pigeons cooed in a low tone one to the other, and I said to myself, listening, "Will they oblige them also to sing in German?"

From time to time, in raising my eyes from the page, I saw M. Hamel immovable in his chair, fixing in his memory the objects around him, as if he would take away all the little furniture of the school in his look. Think! for forty years he had been there, in the same place, with his little yard opposite, and his school just as it was then. Only the benches, the desks, were polished by usage; the walnuttrees in the yard had grown, and the hop vines he had planted himself now garlanded the windows and climbed to the roof. How heart-breaking must it have been to the poor man to leave all that, and to hear his sister. who was going to and fro in the little chamber above, packing and closing their trunks; for they were going to leave the next day, going away from - forever. the country -

But all the same he had the courage to hear the school to the end. After writing we had the lesson in history; after that the little ones sung or chanted together the "Ba,

the old crier, with his spectacles, and holding his A B C book with both hands, spelled the letters with them; his voice trembled with emotion, and it was so funny to hear him that we all could scarcely refrain from laughing and crying.

All at once the church clock rung noon, and then the "Angelus." At the same moment the trumpets of the Prussians returning from drill sounded under our windows; M. Hamel rose, all pale, in his chair. Never to me had he appeared so tall. "My friends," said he, "my friends, I - I -" but something choked him. He could not complete the phrase.

Then he turned toward the blackboard, took morsel of chalk, and, leaning with all his force, he wrote as large as he could, "Vive la France!" Then he rested there, his head against the wall, and, without speaking, with his hand he made us the sign, "It is over - go away.'

PICTURESQUE EUROPE-FLORENCE, III.

THE Academy of the Fine Arts of Florence contains fewer brilliant examples of masterpieces of Italian art than either the Offices or the Pitti Palace, but it offers the student no less in the way of solid instruction, especially in the history of the Florentine school in its different stages. There are here gathered together works of art which were formerly scattered throughout all of Tuscany, and which, taken together, give the best - and, in fact, the only complete exposition of the Florentine school. As we have elsewhere stated, the Academy is a very old institution, having been founded, about the year 1350, by a number of And the most distinguished artists of that day, who desired artist Matthew Roselli, the instructor of San-Giovanni,

MICHAEL ANGELO CHAPEL. - DRAWN BY RAMBERT.

be, bi, bo, bu." Below, at the bottom of the room, where they could carry out that comparison of one gained for him a reputation for being mercenary with another which is so necessary to all progress in either art or commerce. The Academy long languished, however, not even the most brilliant or the most favored of the Florentine artists being ablewilling - to lift it from the obscurity into which it had gradually dropped. As has so often been the case in the history of art, it was necessary for some patron outside the guild of artists to take hold of the matter before it could be said to flourish in any sense of the Such a patron was found in the person of the word. Grand Duke Peter Leopold, who, in 1784, gave the Academy quarters in the former hospital of St. Matthew, and gathered there the different schools of design formerly scattered throughout the city. He also gave the Academy a number of celebrated works of art, and added to it everything necessary to the instruction of youth in art, and appointed the most distinguished professors to manage the school.

As thus organized and as now conducted, the Academy comprises schools of painting, sculpture, architecture, perspective, of ornamentation and of engraving. There is a museum of plaster copies of the most celebrated statues of ancient and modern times a hall for exhibitions, another for the study of the living model, and a third for cartoons and works which have been crowned. All these apartments, halls, corridors and courts, are decorated with pictures, with frescoes, statues and bass-reliefs, all worthy of careful study. Under the vestibule are four bass-reliefs by Luca della Robbia. Jean de San-Giovanni's "Flight into Egypt," formerly in the Crocetta Chapel, is one of the best of its time. It was praised by the great

that the pupil had abandoned the master and painted this picture "on the sly." tainly this is one of the most remarkable instances on record of an entire suppression of a natural jealousy. Besides the bass-reliefs by Luca della Robbia, his brothers and nephews, there are also to be seen here the original model by Jean Bologne of his celebrated group of the "Rape of the Sabine Women," and the "Combat between Vice and Virtue," besides a remarkable marble by Michael Angelo, said to have been intended for St. Matthew.

Inside the museum itself, one of the first pictures to arrest our attention is the "Pieta," of Perugino; and, next to that, the "Assumption," of the same artist. was Perugino's misfortune to be born of a family so exceedingly poor as to give him no prospect whatever of any worthy career. When we add to this the fact that he was left an orphan at a very early age, and that he was indebted to charity for the care of his early vears, it is not at all remarkable that he should have come to regard money as the chief good in life, and poverty as the one great evil to be shunned by every possible means. The result was that he passed his whole life in amassing money, to the end that his years of old age might not be clouded, as his youth had been, by the demon of want. This miserly feeling, born of actual want and the experience of pinching poverty,

which made him to be much disliked by his contemporaries, who, headed by Michael Angelo and Vasari, were never weary of ridiculing and abusing him. certain amount of reason there may have been for this, but one could wish that the ridicule and the hatred had come from somebody else rather than Michael Angelo, who, having never known what real poverty was himself, might have been more kind to a brother artist who had struggled through difficulties which Perugino encountered. As for Vasari, he was, in some sort, the Boswell of the art world of his day, and one need not wonder at any meanness of which he may have been guilty. In spite of their dislike for him, however, both Vasari and Michael Angelo were obliged to praise Perugino, as indeed they could not help doing if they had any regard for honest criticism. Looked at from our present distance of time, we can find excuse enough for Perugino's apparent avarice.



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He was haunted through all his life - Vasari even is compelled to admit this - by the fear of an old age of poverty; and, to avoid this, he was willing to suffer hunger, cold, and almost nakedness. Vasari says, pretexts in order to get money; but this is an assertion which does not rest on any sure foundation. It is certain that he showed a great stinginess and an equally great greediness; as, for instance, in the case of the "Combat between Love and Chastity," now in the museum of the Louvre, and which he painted for Isabella, Marchioness of Mantua. He wrote to her: "I have applied myself to this work with all the care necessary for the satisfaction of your excellency and of my own honor, which I have ever preferred to any advantages." And yet the picture is an exceedingly

inferior specimen of his work. Still we can hardly refrain from sympathizing with the unhappy man whom the imperious Michael Angelo found it safe to insult, and to whom the Council of Eight refused redress when he appealed to them.

Whatever be our opinion, however, of Perugino's private character, there is no doubt as to his commanding genius; and that is, after all, what we care most about at the present day. If he was mean and a miser, he only shared in the fault of Titian, Guido, and more than one other artist of equal reputation. His pictures certainly show no great moral fault; on the contrary, they are characterized by a purity, a chastity, a religious sentiment and a sincerity which leave no room for misconception as to his position among artists.

Among the other artists who are represented in the Academy of the Fine Arts, are Andrea del Sarto: Pier di Cosimo; Fra Angelico; Masaccio, besides many others whom we have not time now to catalogue.

Not the least remarkable among the sights for which one looks at Florence, are the churches and other public buildings and monuments. In addition to those already mentioned we must not forget the bridges which unite the two banks of the river. They are four in number. The Ponte Vecchio, of Roman origin; the Ponte alla Grazie. named after the Madonna sur-

mounting its oratory; the Ponte alla Carraja, and the Ponte alla Trinita.

Of the churches, we may mention the Santa Maria del Fiore; the Campanile, or bell-tower, of which we have already given an engraving; the Baptistery; the old Palace; the Church of St. Laurent, with its Michael Angelo Chapel; the Church of St. Croix, and many others, all of which are historical, and all are best seen from the heights of Fiesole — the parent of Florence the beautiful. - Sidney Grey.

PAINTING AMONG THE ANCIENTS.

WHILE we are able to trace the history of architecture and of sculpture back to very remote ages with considerable accuracy, by means of existing specimens of the work of the ancients, our knowledge of the condition of the kindred art of painting is most meagre, even in times so near as the beginning of the Christian reasoning, we are justified in believing that the art had being scenes from the Trojan wars and the descent of

era, while beyond that period we are almost dependent reached a high degree of perfection at least as much on tradition and the casual mention of different painters to be found in the pages of such historians as Pliny. It was in the nature of things that, while works in indeed, that Perugino even descended to shameful marble, granite, or other stones, or in various metals, should be preserved to us through the ages - albeit not uninjured - it could not be expected that the more frail paintings should be able to withstand the ravages of time, especially since we have every reason for believing that the methods then employed by painters lacked several of the elements of stability possessed by more modern pictures, though it must be confessed that the lapse of a century or two goes very far toward destroying the work of even the best and most careful artists of comparatively recent times.

That there were painters centuries before Christ we now holds, and we find the names of such painters as

INTERIOR OF OLD PALACE. - DRAWN BY RAMBERT.

and are utterly ignorant as to who first undertook to represent either natural forms or real or imaginary scenes by means of pigments on a flat surface. an adjunct to architecture, for the ornamentation of buildings, it was undoubtedly practiced to some extent in the East at a very early date indeed, but we have no evidence of the existence among Eastern nations of any freedom in the art of painting, or that they produced anything but mural decorations. They appear not to have known anything whatever of easel or movable paintings. It is to Greece that we must look for the first appearance of painting as an independent art, entirely freed from slavery to another art, such as architecture. Unfortunately we have no specimens of the works of the great Greek masters; but from the imperfect samples preserved to us in the shape of vases, painted tiles and the like, and from other analogical

as four or five centuries before the Christian era. We should know this from analogy, if there were no direct testimony attainable. We have abundant evidence of the high degree of perfection to which the arts of architecture and sculpture had been carried by them, and the esteem in which the masters of those two arts were held among them. When, then, we find from the works of ancient authors that various painters who are named were held in just as great honor and respect, we naturally conclude that the painters must have been equally worthy of honor, and must have carried the practice of their art to a point of excellence at any rate near that attained by the architects and sculptors. Painting then occupied the same relative position it

Apelles, Parrhasius, Aristides, Zeuxis, Polygnotus, Protogenes, Pamphilus, Nicias and others standing by the side of those of architects like Callicrates, Ictinus and Hippodamus, and sculptors such as Phidias, Alcamenes, Polycletus, Praxiteles or Lysippus.

The prices paid for pictures, of which we have undoubtedly authentic records in many instances, also indicate relatively the high excellence of the works, since a people who had produced and could appreciate such sculptures as have come down to us from them would not have extended the same appreciation to inferior paintings. We of the present day - high as we think our appreciation for art-must open our eyes somewhat at the prices on record as having been paid by the ancients for both statuary and painting. Thus, in Rome, where. Pliny tells us. statues were more numerous than the inhabitants, the ordinary price of a statue of marble, even by an inferior artist, was about \$2,400, while Polycletus received for the "Diadumene" a hundred talents, or about \$108,000. Attalus offered to pay all the debts of the city of Cnidus for the statue of Venus, by Praxiteles, but was refused. Side by side with these sums paid for sculptures we place such instances as Nicias refusing sixty talents (\$64,800) for one of his pictures; Cæsar paying eighty talents (\$86,400) for two pictures by Timomachus, which he placed at the entrance to the temple of Venus Genetrix;

know, however, though we have the names of but few the sale of "The Beautiful Bacchus," a picture by Aristides, for a hundred talents (\$108,000), and the fact that when the town of Sicyon found itself burdened with a debt that its revenues were not great enough to pay, it was relieved by the sale of the pictures belonging to the public.

These facts show the high estimation in which painting was held, and inferentially establish the excellence of the pictures; but we have also direct testimony, in the shape of descriptions of existing pictures by writers of the period. Pausanias, for instance, has described to us the paintings of Polygnotus (who lived about 420 B.C., and is the earliest painter of whom we have any authentic record), in the celebrated portico at Athens known as the Pœcile, having for its subject the council of the Greek princes after the taking of Troy. The same artist also executed a series of paintings in the Lesche, or public hall at Delphi, the subjects does not appear that he attempted to paint figures was his mortification to find that the seeming curtain fact that it was told of them and believed by their conotherwise than in profile, and his knowledge of shade was the picture! He yielded gracefully to defeat, temporaries; which shows that it was perfectly con-

and of perspective seems to have been of the most elementary kind - indeed, there can hardly be said to have been any perspective to his pictures at Delphi, which were arranged in zones and groups one above the other.

The correct management of light and shade - what we now call chiaro-oscuro - so important to good painting, was undoubtedly learned by degrees, like almost everything else of importance to mankind, though Apollodorus, an Athenian painter of the fourth century B. C., is credited with having been the first to practice it. It is probable that this claim is well founded, in so far as it relates to the thorough mastery of the combination of correct drawing with the correct distribution of light and shade and the mastery of tints and shadows. Such discov-

having usually been made before the arrival of the you have deceived a painter." genius who is to supply the full solution of the diffi-

high degree of excellence in this direction, and he undoubtedly profited by their labors.

Succeeding Apollodorus, and far excelling him, came his pupil Zeuxis of Heraclia (who lived from about 424 to 400 B. C.) and his contemporary, Parrhasius. There existed between these two a rivalry at once intense and gene-Judging by rous. the anecdotes of them which have come down to us, both must have excelled in the difficult art of managing light and shade. Thus, on one occasion, we are told that a friendly competition had been agreed upon between the rivals. each of whom painted a picture for the occasion. At the appointed time for the judgment Zeuxis exhibited a picture of a bunch of grapes, so true to nature that, when hung out

Ulysses into Hades. While, however, Polygnotus is generally praised for his command of color and the with triumph, Zeuxis demanded a sight of Parrhasius's age in which they lived. If not true, the story is spirit and force of his representations of multitudes, it picture, which was concealed by a fine curtain. What scarcely less a proof of these conclusions, from the



INFANT IESUS ASLEEP. - TITIAN.

eries are never—or very seldom—made suddenly, however, saying to Parrhasius, "You are indeed the the birds would have been afraid to approach him! however, very many attempts and partial failures greater painter; for while I only deceived the birds The artist who criticises himself in this unsparing way

This story, if true, shows on the part of both paintculty and achieve success. In this case it is known ers marvelous power of imitation, exceeding accu-

sistent with the popular estimate of their powers and abilities, which in the main would be nearly correct, or else such a story would have met prompt denial. In the case of Zeuxis we have descriptions of two of his pictures, "Venus" and "Helen the Courtesan," described respectively by Pliny and Lucian. This anecdote, moreover, with others told of the painters in question, shows them to have both been close and untiring students of nature, recognizing that as the only true means of success for any artist. however gifted originally. Thus, of Zeuxis it is told that he once painted a boy carrying a basket of grapes. The birds flew down and pecked at the fruit, whereupon the artist exclaimed that his picture was a failure, since if the boy had been as well painted as the grapes,

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is likely to paint great pictures in any age of the world.

An anecdote told of Parrhasius, though known to

at all, how thoroughly the industry and integrity of the artist in his calling were understood and appreciated. The story was to the effect that Parrhasius, wishing to paint "Prometheus Devoured by the Vulture," caused a captive to be put to death by slow tortures, in his presence, that he might watch the exact expression of the human face in agony! That such a story should have been told and believed is not complimentary to the painter's humanity, though, as we have said, it affords high praise of his faithfulness as an artist. It should be remembered, also, that such a transaction would have excited much less horror in the Greece of that day than in the America or Europe of to-day. A better tribute to the carefulness and accuracy of the artist is to be



ST. CATHARINE. - PAUL VERONESE.

found in the fact that he established canons of proportions for the human figure which have virtually endured to the present day. Pliny says of him, moreover, that he "first gave painting true proportion, the minute details of the countenance, the elegance of the hair, the beauty of the face, and by the confession of the artists themselves obtained the palm in his drawing of the extremities."

It would seem, from what we have already told in regard to these artists, that the influences were even then at work which were to bear fruit in the next century. We have seen how much stress was laid both by Zeuxis and Parrhasius, and by their contemporaries, on proficiency in certain qualities which are not usually regarded as the highest excellences of an artist. Much praise - more than we should now think the

cellence in what must be considered purely imitative efforts. Imitation is, to be sure, a highly necessary faculty in the artist, but it certainly can not be ranked as the highest; besides, when art becomes merely or mainly imitative, it loses a very large part of what gives it its power over the mind of man. The power of accurate imitation indicates a certain manual dexterity, but has nothing whatever in common with the higher qualities of conception and imagination which go to make up the composition of the true artist. Yet there have been periods in the history of all art schools when this dexterity came to be regarded as the one thing for which all artists were to strive; and the result of such striving was, in all cases, to dwarf and fetter the genius of the artists

subject deserved - was claimed by and bestowed on into confusion, and, as a natural consequence, the arts origin, which show conclusively what could be done both artists for ex-

and to reduce art to the plane occupied in our day by suffered. It was not only that they had lost a genephotography - merely a means of copying the common-place, all inventive power being lost or held in

Just such a pause took place in Greek art during the time of Alexander the Great. That monarch was a lavish patron of artists, but not a discriminating one. He wanted to buy and own artists as he wanted to conquer the world - simply that he might feel and express the ostentatious joys of possession. It was during his reign that there came what is known as the "period of refinement" in Greek painting.

The chief painters of this time were Pamphilus, his pupils Apelles and Melanthius, Protogenes, Aristides, Nicomachus, Pausias, Nicias, Euphranor and Theon. Of these Apelles was easily chief, and was recognized as such - partly on account of his genius, and partly, also, by reason of the patronage of Alexander, which never failed him. The chief merits of his paintings were a chaste simplicity of coloring and a grace and respectable in most cases—of the true proportions of Christianity by many years.

beauty of form which would have made him renowned in any age. He was also the best portrait painter of his day, and executed a portrait of Alexander which was praised as a marvel of accuracy and delicacy of finish. The other works by him which were considered masterpieces were one called "Calumny" and a "Venus Anadyomene," in which the goddess shown rising from the waves and wringing from her hair the water, which fell in drops, forming a shimmering vail about her.

Protogenes was also a painter of great power, but his modesty prevented his receiving such recognition as he deserved, and it was entirely owing to Apelles that the Rhodians learned what a great artist they had among them.

The death of Alexander threw the world of that day

the human figure. While, however, the system of ornamentation of Greek vases is most beautiful in the contrasts of color it gives us, and in the spirited and graceful figures shown - spirited and graceful in spite of their purely conventional treatment - it shows us no indication whatever of any knowledge of chiarooscuro or of perspective, either linear or aërial. Neither have we, in these vases, any trace of even an attempt at the production of tints, subtle combinations or gradations of color. The painter of that day seems - so far as the vases are evidence - to have been limited to the use of four colors - white, yellow, red and black.

Although we have no specimens now of Greek movable or "easel" pictures, we have examples at Pompeii of mural pictures, undoubtedly of Greek

and was done by the Greeks in that line. The fact that these decorative paintings are of a high style of art, confirms our opinion of the excellence of the easel pictures executed about the same time, and in many cases, no doubt, by the same artists. The same thing might be said of the ornamental painting on the ceiling of the Propylæa, at Athens, which has given rise to much discussion in regard to its general appearance, but which is now believed to have been painted to imitate objects in relief. Be that as it may, it shows beyond question ' that the Greeks fully understood the art of ornamental painting.

No notice of the condition of the art of painting among the an-cients would be complete without some reference to the Etruscans, who cultivated it with as much enthusiasm as any of the

nations which flourished before our era. We have evidences in plenty of this fact in the tomb-paintings which have been discovered in the cemeteries of Tarquinii, Clusium, etc., in which we trace the gradual development from the Eastern to the Greek style of treatment. These pictures are valuable not only as works of art, but also as transcripts of the mode of life of the Etruscans. They almost invariably show us the daily life of the deceased from the cradle to the tomb. Thus we have him dancing, feasting, racing, and, in one case - at Corneto - we have a representation of a death-bed scene.

Most of these pictures are vividly colored sketches, and the festive character of most of the more modern specimens shows plainly, when contrasted with the gloomy character of the earlier samples, the conversion of the inhabitants of Etruria from the gloomy Egyptian creed to the Greek idea of a joyful existence in the future for the soul, an idea which antedates



MADONNA DELLA SEDIA. - RAPHAEL.

rous, if not a very appreciative patron, but whenever the state is troubled from any cause, art languishes. She is not only a jealous mistress, but a modest and retiring maiden, who can ill brook the turmoil of political excitement. The painters who succeeded those of Alexander's day showed a marked degeneracy of taste, painting chiefly what would be called in our day genre pictures and caricatures - probably the lowest form of art.

We have said that no specimens remain to us of Greek painting; but this remark must be qualified to apply to easel pictures, though nearly true in regard to all other forms of paintings. We have, however, a few specimens of painted vases, which have come down to us from the remotest times, and which show not only the distinctive characteristics of the individual painter, but also his independence of the architect and the sculptor, as well as his knowledge - very

THE SALE OF THE JOHNSTON GALLERY.

Among the most notable events in art circles, during the Centennial year of 1876, the sale in December of Mr. John Taylor Johnston's collection of pictures, statuary, et cetera, must certainly be given a high place. Indeed, in many respects it was the most remarkable by far, of all. It was noteworthy not only on account of the character of the works sold, but also from the fact that such a sale of so many and so costly art works should prove a success in such times. Mr. Johnston has long been known as an assiduous but not particularly discriminating purchaser of pictures chiefly by modern artists. It was thought by many that his collection was more numerous than intrinsically value the largest prices, though what may be considered able, though that portion of it exhibited at the Loan good prices were paid for all. Exhibition in the Metropolitan Museum

of Art showed it to contain many valuable pictures.

Mr. Johnston has been so well known as a generous patron of artists, and so ready to aid any movement which promised to promote in any way the cause of art education, and of fostering a love and knowledge of art among the people, that sympathy for his pecuniary misfortunes was general and widespread, and there was an universal hope that the sale might be a financial success. At the same time there was a general fear felt that the pecuniary situation of the country was not such as to make the realization of this hope very probable. The hope, however, helped to draw a large crowd together at the sale, and so became, perhaps, to a certain extent a contributor to its own realization.

The sale was held at Chickering Hall, on the evenings of the 19th, 20th and 22d of December, the oil paintings - except a few sketches in oil - having been sold on the first two evenings, while the water colors and drawings were disposed of on the last evening. There was a very large attendance, the house being filled in all parts by such an audience as only New York could show, and New York only on some occasion of especial interest to art and literary circles. The parquet had been reserved for holders of tickets, which had been issued only to those who were supposed to be intending buyers; but the dress circle and gallery were also filled, and many were unable to find seats. The event showed that many of these were purchasers, though undoubtedly many were drawn there chiefly by curiosity or sympathy with Mr. Johnston.

The first evening's catalogue comprised ninety-four numbers, of which the most notable lots were Turner's "Slave Ship: "Soldiers at Cards," by Meissonier;
"Blowing Bubbles," by Bouguereau; "Nymph at the Fountain," by Delaroche; "The Quarrel of the Pets," by Escosura; "Isabella and the Pot of

Basil," by Holman Hunt; "The Call to Prayer," by Gérôme ; "Wallachian Peasants crossing a Ford," by Schreyer; "Pæstum by Moonlight," by Weir; Cole's "Voyage of Life," four pictures; Müller's "Last Roll Call in the Conciergerie;" Hasenclever's three illustrations of the "Jobsiade;" portrait of Nell Gwynne, by Sir Peter Lely; "Spalatro's Vision of the Bloody Hand," by Washington Allston; and a few others which we have not space to catalogue here.

Undoubtedly the great interest of the evening centred in the sale of the "Slave Ship," and the audience sat with great patience until it was brought outwhich was not until nearly eleven o'clock, and then greeted with applause. The bidding was not nearly so brisk as had been expected, and stopped quite suddenly when \$10,000 had been reached, a sum just one-third of what Mr. Johnston is reported to have paid for it. The purchaser was a Boston gentleman,

evident that the audience had a less high opinion of the picture than that entertained by Mr. Ruskin.

The gem of the collection was undoubtedly the Meissonier, which was the last picture sold - at midnight - and which was knocked down to Mr. James Gordon Bennett, after a spirited bidding, for \$11,500, which, for a picture of its size—8 by 10 inches—may be considered a notable price. The Gérôme brought \$4,000; the "Pot of Basil," \$2,650; the Schreyer, \$2,700; Mr. Weir's picture of Pæstum, \$4,600; the four pictures of the "Voyage of Life," \$3,100; Hasenclever's series, \$4,200; "Spalatro's Vision," \$3,900; and the "Roll-Call at the Conciergerie," \$8,200. Those were the pictures bringing "Spalatro's



NIOBE.

The second night's sale included Church's "Niag-|not always of the cleanest, and the white cravats were ara Falls," which sold for \$12,500; a Vernet "Italian always "forgotten;" but they were ever the foremost Bandits surprised by Papal Troops," for \$6,100; a Brion, \$7,150; a landscape, with cattle, by Troyon, \$9,700; Decamp's "Turkish Patrol," \$8,300; a Zamacois, \$6,500; "The New Sister," by Meyer von Bremen, \$3,700; Bouguereau's "On the Way to the Bath," \$6,000; Meissonier's "Marshal Saxe and Staff," 8 by 9 inches, \$8,600; "A Young Roman's Bath," by Gleyre, \$5,200. This is said to be the Bath," by Gleyre, \$5,200. This is said to be the only specimen of this artist's work in the country. Schreyer's "Arabs Retreating" brought \$6,700, and Gérôme's "Death of Cæsar," \$8,000. Vela's statue of the "Last Days of Napoleon" brought \$8,100. These were the most notable prices. The total amount of the two evenings' sale was \$304,170rather more than the pictures cost Mr. Johnston most remarkable commentary on the progress in art and the picture will be taken to that city. It was culture among Americans within the past few years.

ART IN PARIS.

THE PAINTER DIAZ - THE NEW OPERA.

In the commencement of the present century a galaxy of remarkable artists arose - Rousseau, Millet, Dupré, Diaz. The two former are dead, the last has just expired.

Diaz - or rather Narcisse-Virgile Diaz de la Pena is the name in the record of his birth: but Diaz short, to all who knew him or of him - belonged to that group of enthusiasts who are born with the vocation of an art, and who consecrate an entire life to it, even to the last breath. At seventy years of age they are found, if not as strong in their ability, at least as great lovers of their faith as at twenty years; the hand becomes less sure, the brilliancy of fancy dimmed, but

the soul filled with juvenile ardor stands up and seems to defy death. Such was Diaz. His début was painful, as were those of the splendid companions of his youth, among whom he takes his place in the history of French art, and like them he suffered for it. At that epoch the world was not acquainted with the artist such as the present busy age has made him - that singular mixture of merchant and dandy, who, after conning all day over his ledger, robes himself in fine clothes, a camellia in button-hole, and is happier in passing for an exquisite than an artist. His correct life smoothly glides between a traffic based upon his merchandise and the giddy joys of wealth which comes very often before talent.

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The early days of such as Rousseau, Millet, Diaz are a long martyrdom. Of money they thought little, so much were their thoughts elsewhere: their brains had not the time to be occupied with common every-day affairs; and as if they felt themselves neglected in the midst of the crowd, they pressed closer together, living in common in the same misery and the same abnegation, leaving a work that will be the consolation of our successors. It is not from such artists that one can force a concession; it is not from such heroes that one could obtain work to please the merchant or picture dealer; they did not live by the side of those lovers of art who purchased only when the painter stooped to his ignorance. What men! What admirable disdain for all that was not art! What supreme disgust for vulgar pleasure! One never found them in the drawingrooms of theatres on the nights of first representations; their names were never among those of invited guests to fêtes, balls, parties; they disdained to seat themselves in a club between a sprouting nobleman, who had only his title to real nobility, and an old man known only for his wealth. But, on the other hand, they were always found in the battles around a work of art. It is true, their dickies were

in the mélée upon a question of art, and decided to die miserable sooner than surrender one atom of

their genius. Rousseau sold many of his best pictures, without bargaining, for five or ten dollars. Money to him was but liberty conquered to work for another month. Millet, with his numerous family, often had not a morsel of bread in the house. Jules Dupré, the last survivor of this brilliant circle of grand painters, responded to a picture dealer who was commanding work for three thousand dollars, upon the condition that the painter would make a few concessions to the amiable amateur: "Keep your money! I prefer to return home;" and Diaz, who was the enfant terrible of the band, cried one day, in thrusting his wooden leg through a valuable picture, "And when I am rich I will set a diamond in my drumstick."

In this group of admirable painters Diaz did not. perhaps, occupy the foremost position, but he is worthy to be classed among them. The others sought to render in their works the grand or terrible features of nature. Rousseau saw the landscape with greater majesty, and let us say truth - with a sincerity more penetrating; Millet with a knowledge most profound and poesy most inspiring. The sun shone upon Diaz's cradle, and the good fairy who presided at his birth had given him the genius of a colorist. He was not a grand master in the absolute sense of the word; he was an enchanter. One does not rest silent before his work. He had not the severe and grand poetry of Millet, nor the masterly power of Rousseau, and notwithstanding he marches between the two greatest landscape painters of his epoch, he had the fancy that overruns and the varied color that charms. Diaz was the painter of the forest illumined by the full sun, which spreads around his warmth and life. The art of Rousseau is imposing in its grandeur, that of Millet by its savage poetry; the work of Diaz is an enchantment for the eye. It is from his young days that the best of his work dates those landscapes thrown upon the canvas in an hour of inspiration, those figures drowned in luminous half-tones, all those admirable pages produced without effort - I don't say without study - for which one pays now their weight in gold, he delivered to the rapacious picture dealer for a bit of bread, happy to regain that beautiful forest of Fontainebleau. wherein his fancy became intoxicated and to which the old man still returned each autumn, to correct in the presence of nature the errors of the too hasty productions which saddened his later years. Flatterers would tell him that he did better than ever, but he turned to them a deaf ear; and says the critic, "How many times, at Étretat, have I surprised him before his easel in a state of prostration that told the doubts carried him away, his eyes still filled with fire, but filled also with I do not know what of sadness, Diaz felt well that with youth he had lost the certainty of hand; the sun was no more, as formerly, the slave of the artist. Diaz asked of it now but one of its rays, and felt so well that his part was crumbling around him, that often he escaped from his charming villa full of flowers, to go seek, in the solitude of the forest, a few echoes of his youth."

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It is of the youth of Diaz that posterity will preserve a precious souvenir. He was hardly acquainted with fortune until his sixtieth year, when he returned from Brussels, where he had fled upon the opening of the war. The world, hungry for the works of art of France, threw itself into Paris with the hope of carrying off from the unfortunate city its art treasures at a miserable price. The result of such an agglomeration of picture buyers from the four quarters of the globe was an extraordinary rise in the price of art labor. Diaz had his share of the golden rain. His pictures sold then for unheard of prices; dealers crowded the atelier of the old man, and he had not the force to resist the temptation; he finished where others commence, by an extensive production. Not that he loved money, but the old child was flattered by seeing himself the object of adulation of those who had for so many and so long years neglected him. Upon the decline of life, he evinced a childish joy in gathering with his two hands the money that came to him, and throwing it away with the thoughtlessness of childhood immediately after. He bought anything that came under his hand—a house, an object of art, or an old tapestry, everything without bargaining over the price. He would go out in the morning, as he said, to take the air, and return at noon after having paid to some broker twenty thousand francs. Here and there he would often find stuck away in some back shop an old panel to which he attached value for the souvenirs of other days. Then Diaz bought the Diaz at the price they would ask. So it for a sketch made in his young days, and which he

ray of his vanished youth. In spite of his ferocious aspect, and his large black eyes under their thick eyebrows, which frightened all the children, his was an excellent heart, filled with tenderness, and ready for any sacrifice for those who were dear to him. He preserved with tender respect the sketches of all the great artists of his time. Attaining himself the highest summit of renown, the old man kept in his warm and gentle heart the image of Theodore Rousseau, of whom he spoke with the warmth of a pupil and the enthusiasm of a débutant.

Among others, there is a study, made by Diaz years ago in the forest of Fontainebleau, a pure chef-dœuvre. Often he has been offered fifteen thousand francs for that simple tree trunk thrown upon the canvas in a happy moment. His response always was: "I can never separate myself from it. Rousseau saw me make that study, and he said that I would never surpass it. My children will guard it for our sakes."

That subordination of a man of such high value to a painter that he considered his superior in the art, is truly touching, and, better than pen, it makes the eulogy of the brave heart that has ceased to beat.

Diaz preserved from his youth the dislike of conventionalities that was peculiar to him. Nothing was so repugnant to him as to put on a black dress coat, white cravat, and to embellish official saloons. It was for that that the grand painter was only simple "Chevalier de la Légion d'Honneur;" and when friends would say, "Mr. Diaz, you are wrong"—he would say, "When they wish to make me officer, the Minister can bring the rosette to my atelier. I never learned in my youth to pose in antechambers." Says the critic: "At first view the illustrious Diaz was not seductive --- that famous black eye and bushy eyebrow had something frightful in it; but once one had penetrated into his excellent heart, he discovered only goodness and tenderness. What charming hours have of his soul. Already a prey to that disease which I passed with him upon the hill behind his lovely villa at Stretat, from whence one views the open sea. Before the majesty of the ocean his soul would overflow. It was in those hours of enthusiasm and tenderness that I loved to talk to him of his young days and the grand artists who had preceded him to the tomb. It was then that the old man was transformed by the souvenirs of the past, and he would tell the history - heartrending, but at the same time midst of whom his life had glided away. More than once he wiped away a discreet tear while speaking, with juvenile admiration, of Rousseau, 'the strongest of us all,' he would say. And when I would ask him, 'Frankly, do you never feel anger that your with emotion, 'Ah! we scarcely had time to think of those miseries! We would return in the evening from the forest, overcome by fatigue, but the soul filled with grand impressions. The evenings were passed among men who loved one another, and who all pursued the same aim. Do you believe that Millet had less genius the day that Rousseau brought a fourpound loaf of bread to his hungry children? No! I would give, willingly, this villa and all that I possess in exchange for two years of the rapture and life of those days. The sorceress, Fortune, makes us beasts and cowards. Now I am, like others, vanquished by the powerful magician.' A grateful country will guard his memory as that of a grand painter who has cast much glory upon it; and, henceforth, he takes his place between Theodore Rousseau and Millet, the two great painters whom he loved so much.

Paris talks of nothing, now, but of "Paul and Virginia," the new opera by Victor Massé, who is an old and well-known author. This is not the first time that the charming work of Bernardin de St. Pierre has been the subject for theatrical representation and for the lyric stage. In 1791, at the Theatre Favert (now Italian Opera), was given a three-act opera of Kreutzer; the work is not altogether a chef-d'œuvre, smooth, penetrating melodies, warm and fine colored, arising each morning, he would have, as it were, a retained in the répertoire until the end of the first third est, sang the same rhythm to the ear of the musician.

of the present century. In 1794, at the Theatre Feydeau, á three-act opera, by Lesueur. In this opera are several fine choruses and a "Hymn to the Sun," which is often sung in concerts of the present day. Less fortunate than Kreutzer, who had treated the same subject, Lesueur did not have the pleasure of witnessing his work retained in the répertoire. A ballet of "Paul and Virginia," by Kreutzer, for the Grand Opera, was given in 1806; this is scarcely anything more than a selection of music from the opera by that master, adapted to the conveniences of the ballet "Garzel." And now the chief of all the Pauls and Virginias by Massé! He received the first idea from the (late) sculptor Carpeaux, who said to the author of "Galatea," "You do the piece and I'll do the group." The idea pleased the musician, who spoke to Michel Carré and Jules Barbier, poets; musician and sculptor set to work. The sculptor finished first, and every one knows the lovely group of "Paul carrying Virginia over a Stream." But it was not so easy to produce the opera. The poem presented enormous difficulties, and was rewritten four times. It was the last work of Carré, for he expired immediately after having placed the word "Finis" to the task. But Massé had his poem; and from the day he received it from the hands of Jules Barbier, he has lived but for his heroes. Suffering, loving, weeping with them; giving a little of each day of his life to bring again before us the divine children of the great

When the opera was terminated, it was necessary to find interpreters; and one does not encounter, every day, tenors and sopranos possessing at the same time youth and talent. A voyage was made to London, to see Capoul (the finest of French tenors) and Adelina Patti. Unfortunately, Patti had two years of an engagement to serve. Capoul, after reading this partition, accepted with enthusiasm. So Paul was found; and now, Virginia. Offers were made to Nilsson; she, too, was engaged, although three thousand five hundred francs a night was offered. Finally, Virginia was found in Miss Cécile Ritter, whose name was known only to amateurs. She is the only pupil of her brother, Theodore Ritter, the celebrated pianist, who did not wish his sister to appear on any stage till twenty years of age. She is not yet seventeen; but when the rôle of Virginia was offered he had not the grand — of that group of admirable painters, in the courage to resist. Seldom has a débutante made her entrance by such a door to an artistic career, and when she entered upon the scene, leaning upon Paul's arm, and both sheltering themselves from the rain (real water) by an enormous palm leaf, there was a genuine murmur of sympathy through the house. talent is overlooked by the Court?' Diaz responded It would be difficult to imagine a more glorious couple. Mlle. Ritter has magnificent black hair (blonde for the occasion), falling nearly if not quite to her knees; large, hazel eyes filled with charming melancholy. She lived in the neighborhood of Marseilles with her mother. Parted, then, one fine morning from her maiden's chamber and her poor - for, like Virginia, she too had her poor - at the moment of going away she had them all sent for; then, when assembled, she emptied into their hands all her little savings, some one hundred and forty francs, and said, "Pray for me!" and with these simple words left them. And now you know Virginia.

Seldom has a work been received with the favor and warmth of this of Victor Massé's. Among the audience was Adelina Patti, and she kept time with legs, head and hands; from the opening duetto to the finale the grand artist underlined, so to speak, every morceau; directing the orchestra, at the same time, with the end of a tiny finger - her great black eyes brilliant with pleasure. I should not be surprised if the rôle of Virginia became one of the favorites of Patti. There are two overtures to "Paul and Virginia;" the first may be entitled "The Sea;" the second, "The Forest." It was really at the sea side that Victor Massé wrote the part; during long hours was, one day, he found and paid six hundred dollars but a very beautiful one nevertheless, filled with he paced the shore, and that which struck him forcibly was the monotony of the sound of which the force of had sold then for five dollars; he was so happy with largely and powerfully composed—dramatic even at it, that he hung it over his bed, in order that, on times. It had a rapid and universal success, and was waves of the most furious sea, like those of the calm-

And he has rendered faithfully that eternal plaint. The question of costumes was one of great importance. Grévin, the celebrated designer, designed the costumes; these costumes appeared simple, and really there was not opportunity to display the exquisite taste which this draughtsman possesses; but some of them were rather embarrassing; that of the negress Méala, after it was finished something was wanting. What? It was too pretty. One day Grévin entered the theatre, crying, "I have it!" and he opened a piece of linen and exhibited an old spotted curtain, full of holes: "Behold the finishing touch to the costume of Maud "What! that curtain?" "Yes; this old Eugalli!" curtain, that I had at home; attach it around her waist and you will see." And the costume was completed to a charm.

Victor Massé and Jules Barbier, the two authors were upon the scene all the evening, surrounded by admiring and congratulatory friends, both nervous, yet both enjoying equally the loud applause of the audience. Since the death of his co-laborer, Michel Carré, Jules Barbier has altered several times "Paul and Virginia;" but every time Massé asked him to change something, he commenced by crying, "Never! never! never!" Then, struck by sudden remorse, he would take his head between his hands, and extemporize several beautiful verses. It is said that at nearly every repetition Massé and Barbier quarreled, or rather disputed, at the first act; would fall out with each other at the second, and embrace at the third. It was so regular that the employés, seeing the two pouting, would say, "They are at the second act." But on the evening of the first representation, both musician and poet were embracing one another during the entire three acts; and they had very good reason to do so. The opera, in words and music, will take its place among the best of the French school. It is a chef-d'œuvre.

I should not close this letter without saying a few words of that great tenor, Capoul, whose name is so well known in America; he is not only a fine singer, but he is a capital composer, and poet even. A Hungarian song, "Meha," has just been issued from his pen and brain; the press join in saying that the words and music are equally full of poetry and charming melody. As for his rendering of Paul, in the opera, below is a note from Victor Massé to Capoul, which speaks plainer than words the estimation of a great composer for this truly great singer:

MY DEAR CAPOUL:

November 18, 1876.

This Saturday evening I am at home with my family, and, as they are assembled, I ask of them what can I do to prove to you my admiration for your talent and my acknowledgment for the support you have so constantly given, for so long a time, to "Paul and Virginia." This is what I have found. I ask of sion to dedicate to you my partition, and you the permis upon a white leaf those simple words, which will tell, in the present and in the future, all that I owe to yo

To my friend Capoul,

V. MASSE. P. S. If you accept, the partition will bear your name from Thursday.

You crown my most secret and most ardent wish. Thanks, from the depths of my heart, for that dedication that I did not dare to hope for, and which will, thanks to your generous thought, attach my name to the immortality of your Yours, PAUL CAPOUL

The great Italian singer Tamburini died at Nice in the commencement of this month. Antonio Tamburini was born at Faenza, March 28th, 1800. He "débuted" at nineteen years of age at Bologna, with grand éclat. Since then his career was but one long success. In 1832 he sang, for the first time in Paris, in "Cenerentola;" and during twenty years he was the baritone di primo cartello of the Italian scene. Says Alphonse Karr: "He was a great artist; and, as one day I was felicitating him upon having retired from the theatre at the height of his talents and renown, while nearly all of his companions of the famous Pleiades of the Italian Theatre of Paris, male and female, obstinately continued to show themselves to the public in their age and decrepitude, having account of pleasures, sorrows and vexations, by an to conceal — whatever feelings they may have, the be to, nor how far from St. Valentine's Day.

equal portion of one and the other - only the impressions that are sad and grievous, being the last, remain the longest. 'They wished,' said he, 'to be too rich, or they have preserved nothing. I also, as soon as I had assured myself of macaroni for the rest of my life, I retired.' Sometimes since his retirement he has sung at Nice for charity purposes; and they admired how that, in his old age, he had guarded not only his method and art, but his suppleness, power and freshness of voice, that threw younger artists who sang with him into the shade. The 'macaroni' of Tamburini consisted in a very pretty fortune; but, alas! the old artist believed in vain that he had assured to himself his 'macaroni' for the rest of his days. Tamburini died very honorably ruined, and would have died poor, but for the pious solicitude of a son-in-law. He was afflicted, at the same time, with another misforfortune which he had not the force to resist, as he had the loss of fortune - his wife, the companion of his life, died but a year or so ago. Providence, who had and entertain a room full if it so please her. so severely struck, had, in the end, pity upon him, and in his later days had taken from him, almost completely, his memory - so much so, that scarcely a month ago meeting him, drawn by servants in livery. in an elegant little invalid's carriage, I was at the time surprised and touched to see, by his kind smile and extended hand, that he recognized me." - Outremer.

PAIRING TIME.

ALL know the peculiar usage of St. Valentine's Day - the old, because they remember it, and the young, because they have found it out. For more centuries than we can recall, even if we were disposed to attempt the task, it has been the custom for young men on this day - or more properly on its eve - to choose a sweetheart or a dear friend, of the other sex, to whom and to whose service they should consider themselves bound for at least the ensuing year. Many, and some most moving tales are told us concerning the observances of the day in times gone by, when it was looked upon as a really important day in the calendar - before we had been taught by modern incredulity and iconoclasm, to throw it out on the general waste heap of saints, saints' days, and all the belongings of saints, to which we are now supposed to relegate all that the world has united to call purer, better, or holier than we are in our daily lives.

It used to be the custom for swains, on the eve of St. Valentine's Day, or toward the dawn of the day itself, to repair to the dwellings of their several sweethearts to offer, with some present of greater or less value, their services for the coming year as faithful servant or cavalier. Of course it would often happen that more than one youth would seek the favor of the same Phyllis; and, in that case, it was provided either that he who first came should be the chosen one, or that the maiden should exercise the right of selection; and hence arose, without doubt, the many forms of invocation which have come down to the present from more remote times.

As a rule, the choice made in most of those cases was made — or was professed or supposed to be made - from the depths of the heart, and to be a choice not for a year only but for all time; and hence the importance attaching to the observances of the day. It might be a matter of smaller consequence to be rejected as a cavalier for the coming year, just as it would be of little real moment who had the belle's hand in a dance - though youth would hardly bear either fate with entire equanimity - but to be rejected as a suitor for life, were certainly a much harder and grievous fate. It may fairly be presumed that this fate, or the fear of it, has led to many a heart-burning and jealousy, and perhaps to downright hate and actual violence.

From the customs just cited, in vogue when men were not ashamed to do their courting openly, nor maidens to be thus openly wooed, to those of the present time when such things are decorously hidden behind a vail, and Corydon and Phyllis are supposed to entertain toward one another almost any senti-

step may have been a long one, but it has been easily taken and is easily marked. It may be questioned whether in taking it we have so much advanced, as we claim to have done in most things, beyond the standard of our ancestors.

To be sure, swains no longer fight under my lady's window, to see which of them shall have her earliest recognition and be her "Valentine," but that is partly because they are not there to fight. It is by no means certain that they do not indulge in quite as rancorous, if more decorous and less deadly, quarrels elsewhere, We have notably changed the old methods, and we doubt if the change be an amendment. There has come upon our customs the blight of this real or affected secrecy; and Corydon, no longer obliged to attend in person, sends his love messages by the postman, and so may woo a dozen maids; while Phyllis, no longer under the necessity of opening her lattice at break of day to choose one lover, may rise at noon

Nor is the day, as we now manage matters, so entirely consecrated to love as it used to be and ought to be. Malevolence, petty spite and hate have taken advantage of its privileges, and use the postman quite as freely, and often more effectually, than does Cupid himself. Therein are the day and its traditions wofully dishonored, and both are fast coming into disrepute. Nor are we sorry. It is undoubtedly sad to see the pleasant traditions of the past slipping from us, but it were much more sad to see them twisted from the pristine purity of their original significance to something which can only make good men weep.

About the origin of the custom of choosing valentines on the 14th of February, there has been expended not a little learned speculation, and yet the problem has not been by any means definitely solved. It has certainly existed, as we have said, from very remote times, the ceremonies and observances being by no means the same in every country. Lorraine, and other parts of the continent of Europe, it used to be the custom for a number of young men and maidens to assemble on St. Valentine's Eve, inscribe upon slips of paper an equal number of names of bachelors and maids, put them into two receptacles, and proceed to draw them, after the manner of a lottery, in such way that each should get the name of a person of the opposite sex. The person so drawn became one's valentine. Of course it often happened that one, besides securing a valentine, would also become the valentine of another; but Misson, a shrewd traveler of the early part of the eighteenth century, assures us that "the man stuck faster to the valentine that fallen to him than to her to whom he had fallen." For a whole year, under this system, the man was obliged to be the loyal knight of the valentine to whom fortune had assigned him; and it is not to be wondered at that these temporary engagements often became permanent.

During the fifteenth century this kind of lottery became a popular amusement at most of the European courts; and Pepys tells us that, in the time of Charles II., married as well as single people could be chosen.

The customs of Valentine's Day are often associated with St. Valentine, who suffered martyrdom by being beheaded in the reign of Claudius II., and who was of such a sweet and loving disposition that, it is supposed, loving friends could best be chosen on the day assigned to him in the calendar. This, however, is probably a mistaken idea. The best explanation of the customs of the day is probably that which derives them from the Roman "Lupercalia," when, among other things done, "the names of young women were put in a box, whence they were drawn by the young men as chance directed." This, in time, was probably derived from the fact that about this time birds choose their mates, at least in the climate of the most part of Europe - here they are later in pairing. A thoroughly charming picture has been given us, however, by M. René, of the pairing of the birds, which is always interesting to the naturalist and to the lover of animated nature, no matter in what finished their account with art and the public - an ments rather than those of love, and conceal - or try part of the year it takes place, nor how close it may 

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Λ SPANISH GYPSY. -- AFTER RICHTER.

"COME TO DINNER!"

It would be difficult, we imagine, to tell whether, the men to whom it is addressed, or the boy who is "cracking his cheeks" blowing it, will have most pleasure from the sound of that dinner-horn. They have been all the morning a-field, and it is now high noon and they tired and hungry, and are beginning

appetite their morning toil under the summer sun has brought them, and doubtless the meal to which they are summoned will prove such as would require no especial appetizer; though, truth to say, this is by no means always the case in the average American farm house, where one is often tempted to quote the somewhat irreverent saying that God had provided food, but the adversary had furnished the cooks.

It is, indeed, matter for astonishment - to digress for a moment - in how many farmers' homes the whole art and science is as unknown as Sanskrit literature; or, rather, to put the thing more correctly, it is astonishing in how few of them even the rudiments of it are understood at all. In the midst of plenty of everything man can wish for food, it is wonderful how near some people come to starving or poisoning both themselves and the stranger within their gates. It is not only that a fastidious palate is obliged to reject the food to be found on the tables of such people - though a fastidious palate is not always an unmixed evil; what is worse, is that health is ruined and life shortened in more than one case by downright abuse of the good things the earth provides so liberally for man's sustenance. This is actual sin against not only the provider of the food thus spoiled, but against one's own body. In fact, we have often thought that a certain well-known caterer, who was also a scientific gourmand, had more than a little reason in his

fine raw oysters, "Why, it's flat blasphemy!" remark was a strong one, but there is a sort of wrong akin to blasphemy in spoiling good food. No one expects to find the bill of fare of Delmonico in a farm house; but they have a right to demand plain wholesome food so prepared as not to make dyspepsia a necessity and the bane of existence at the same time.

Things are not nearly so bad in this regard as they used to be, however, though they might be much improved even yet. The number of farm houses is yearly increasing where the fundamental principles of hope it is a house of this kind that the boy has left, life the artist seems always to feel.

and that the men he is summoning may find "good digestion wait on appetite, and health on both.

As for the urchin — whom we have left as long on the fence as some politicians - he is young yet, and has not arrived at the knowledge that he has a stomach except as a convenient receptacle for the food he is required to dispose of in some way three times a Just now he is more anxious about the scienday. to watch the diminishing shadows and to long for the tific blowing of the horn he is intrusted with than sound of the familiar tin horn which is to summon about any question of what he shall eat or where-



"COME TO DINNER!"- JOHN S. DAVIS

remark on seeing a guest put catsup on some very ever thinks of it at all, presents itself to his mind probable that the gypsies in Europe were largely re-The chiefly as a nuisance to be shunned as much as practicable, and got rid of on all possible occasions. He has schemed and teased ever since the first signs of dinner were to be discovered, in order to be allowed to discharge the duty of blowing the signal blast, and no herald ever fulfilled his mission with greater pride. Note the importance of his aspect! What conscious pride of post — what an air of self-gratulation that he has mastered the art of winding the horn at all --- by no means so easy a thing as it looks to be, as more than one of our readers can testify. Thoroughly natgastronomy are being understood and applied, and ural, thoroughly characteristic is Mr. Davis's picture, where one may eat without being poisoned. Let us betraying throughout the full sympathy with country

THE SPANISH GYPSY.

WILL the mystery hanging over the origin of that most peculiar people whom we call "gypsies," but who go by many different names, ever be solved? Perhaps the question is not one of much practical importance, but still it possesses a good deal of attraction, not only for the professional ethnologist, but also for every one who feels the slightest curiosityand what educated person does not? - in regard to them to the well-spread board which they know to be withal be clothed. In fact, if he is like boys we the different races of men as met with among civilized awaiting them. There is no better sauce than the remember of his age and condition, clothing, if he peoples or in the wilds of unexplored regions. Very

many volumes have been written about the origin, customs, habits and language of this singular race, and yet there remain almost as many questions to be settled regarding them as when they first made their appearance amongst civilized nations.

What is really known about their history may be summarily told. The first authentic record of their being seen is that, on August 17, 1427, there appeared at Paris a band of a hundred and twenty persons, of both sexes, who said that they were Christians from Lower Egypt, who had been driven out by the Saracens, and who had been sojourning for some years in Bohemia. They professed a knowledge of palmistry, magic, the reading of the stars, and other occult arts, but proved themselves such arrant thieves that they were ordered out by the police. They made their appearance in Spain in 1447, in England about 1506, and in Sweden in 1514.

Everywhere they seemed to present the same characteristics which had made them obnoxious to the Parisians, and Spain exiled them in 1492, and renewed the decree a century later; while in England, Henry VIII. in 1530 ordained that their remaining more than a month should be a capital felony. Similar decrees were promulgated in other countries, although Scotland seems to have given them a refuge. In 1517 a revolt against Sultan Selim took place in Egypt, under the leadership of Zinganeus, which was suppressed, and it is

inforced from this source. Germany tried to colonize them and force them to live civilized lives, but failed, as did also Maria Theresa of Austria. In fact, this experiment has only had partial success with those in Hungary, Transylvania and Roumania, numbering about 200,000, who are partially civilized, living in communities, and governed by an officer of their own race called a "Waywode." At the present time they are to be found in all countries, and are in all the same wandering, restless, lawless, thieving vagabonds. It must be confessed, however, that they are picturesque rascals, and none more so than those of Spain, where they are called zingari. The nonchalant scamp in our picture is a fair specimen of the race.

HOW HILDA'S PRAYER WAS ANSWERED.

"On him who triumphs in the lists
O'er comers all beside,
Or high or low, I will bestow
My daughter as his bride."

So spake the earl, with suitors vexed,
Who sought the maiden's hand;
To whom he dare no choice declare,
Since rapine ruled the land.

For should he smile on Harold's claim,
Then Bertric's wrath would fall;
And spear and lance might gleam and glance
Around his castle wall.

And should he frown on lesser squires, Nor grant them word of grace, Each Saxon churl would curses hurl Against his name and race.

So Hilda nursed a gnawing grief Deep hidden in her breast: For well she knew the knight so true, Who long had loved her best,—

Would meet that rival in the jousts
Whose arm a brand could fling—
His only claim—with surest aim
Of all within the ring.

"What if the prowest fail to win —
My Harold bold and fair
As ever was brave knight — because
This carle can split a hair?

"O father, father — spare thy child! I plead by every tear Of anguish shed that day of dread, Above my mother's bier!"

"Peace, peace—no more; my word is passed;"
"Twas all the earl would say:
So forth they hied from far and wide,
Upon the tilting-day.

Thrice Harold's daring swept the ring;
But when the strife was done,
A blasting 'clight smote Hilda's sight,
For Bertric's lance had won!

The hard earl held his promise fast;
The marriage-day was set;
And Hilda, pale beneath her veil,
As snow-swathed violet,

Long in her oratory prayed
(Nor marked the day consume)
That God ev'n now — she wist not how —
Would snatch her from her doom.

"The bridegroom chafes," her maidens urged;
"The gay procession waits.
Thy palfrey champs the bit, and stamps
Impatient at the gates."

"His gift!" she wept; "O happy hours—
So free—so far away!
What cruelty that this should be
The roan I ride to-day!"

The palfrey pricked his silken ear, And shook his shining mane, And seemed to know how loth to go Was she who drew the rein.

And when the distant cloister bell Rang forth the wedding peals, At the first clang, away he sprang, As fate were at his heels.

With flashing hoofs that spurned the ground, Along the vale he flew, Fleet as the wind, ere those behind Bethought them what to do;—

Swept past the cloisters — down the slope —
Across the brawling tide,
And skimmed the wold whose moorland rolled
Beyond on every side; —

Nor slackened once his headlong plunge, Till, at his master's hall, He heard a shout he knew, ring out, Then saw the drawbridge fall,

And staggered over. From his neck,
Half-crazed with wild alarms,
The shuddering bride was caught, to hide
Her swoon in Harold's arms.

He bore her to the topmost tower, And thence they watched the race, As in keen quest each wedding guest Came spurring on apace.

The fiery Bertric dashed in front,
Foam frothing from the flank
Of the hot steed, urged on, full speed
Against the trench's bank.

As rose the lifted hoofs in air,

More tight grasped Hilda's hold:

When — down the steep with backward leap,
Rider and horse were rolled.

Quick followers from their saddles sprang To raise the fallen head; But with dismay the gallants gay Saw that their lord was dead!

- Margaret J. Preston.

THE LENOX COLLECTION.

THE Lenox Library, about which the reading public, not only of New York, but also of the whole country, has been pleasantly excited for some two or three years past, is not yet ready to be opened, and probably will not be before the autumn of 1877, owing, it is said, to the great labor involved in cataloguing and arranging the collection of books, which is said to be not only large but especially rich in certain directions which will make it of great value to the student of history and of bibliography. building which has been erected to contain the library is open to the public, however, so far as the various rooms devoted to the paintings and sculptures are concerned; and the attendance of spectators gives ample evidence, were any needed, of the interest taken by Americans generally in all that relates to Fine Arts. The opening of such a collection could hardly fail, in any event, to be a matter of interest to readers of The ALDINE, even were it not, as it is, part of a free gift to the public by one of our millionaires. It was remarked by Mr. Thomas Hughes, when in this country, that whereas in other countries-and notably in England - men who had accumulated fortunes generally desired to use their money in the purchase of estates and the founding of "families," in America the same class seemed to turn instinctively toward some scheme for the public benefit, as a means of spending money and acquiring more or less of fame at the same time. The remark, of which we have quoted the spirit, not the words, was a very just one, as our numerous hospitals, colleges, schools, libraries, art galleries, and similar public institutions amply tes-In not another country can be found so many and such brilliant examples of private munificence for public purposes.

For this there are probably more reasons than one. In the first place, the entire spirit of our laws is opposed to the doing, by the State, of anything not strictly required for the benefit of all. Thus, while most of the States have made liberal appropriations for the support of common schools, there are very few colleges supported at public expense, though money is often granted to such institutions - and the success of these has, for the most part, not been marked. The theory in this case is, that while the State should provide a certain amount of instruction for every child within its limits, on the grounds of public safety, the acquisition of any extraordinary degree of learning is a purely private affair with which the commonwealth has nothing to do. For similar reasons such institutions as libraries, art galleries, and the like, are never provided here by either the State or National governments; and, if we may judge from the few works of art which have been bought by officials, the public have had a happy escape in not allowing more to be acquired in the same way.

When we add to this uniform opposition to and distaste for governmental interference, the fact that the lack of hereditary titles, or laws of primogeniture, makes the founding of a "family" practically impossible in this country, we have undoubtedly summed up the most powerful among the reasons which have led our rich men to look toward expenditure for public purposes as the surest way of leaving behind them

an honorable name, as every man likes to do. Of course, the reasons we have named have not been the only ones actuating our public benefactors—and perhaps they have not conspicuously affected any one among them, but it is very certain that these causes have operated powerfully toward creating the kind of sentiment which has resulted in giving us such institutions as the Cooper Union, the Astor and Lenox libraries, the Peabody Institute, and the like; and which has endowed our leading colleges with almost princely revenues.

The latest of these public bequests which has come to anything near completion, the Lenox Library, is, in many respects, the most remarkable and unique of them all. It is not so much that Mr. Lenox has chosen to be his own executor - for that is, we are glad to know, becoming more common year by year; but it is not often that we find united in the same person a man able and willing to make such a present to the public, and, at the same time, so thoroughly competent to supervise all the details of his plans. self well known as a bibliophilist, he has, it is said, selected a library which will be especially strong in the direction of works of solid merit, and of value as works of reference. In works relating to the history of the United States, the library is one of the best in the country; and there are few, if any, collections of Bibles containing more rare and valuable specimens -not even excepting that of Mr. Justice Bradley, of the Supreme Court.

It is too early, however, to speak critically of the library, but what we know about it may serve to some extent as a clew to the general character and bent of Mr. Lenox's mind, which is even more strongly shown in the picture gallery as well as in the building containing it. It is very evident that Mr. Lenox has a leaning toward what might be called the solid and substantial, having very little sympathy with the purely sentimental.

The building, which is one of the architect's (Mr. Hunt's) best efforts, is dignified and simple to a degree - indeed, if it has a fault to the casual observer, it is that it is of too severe a style, giving an impression of weight and massiveness perhaps too overpowering for the purposes for which it is destined. At the same time there can be no doubt that this severe simplicity is, on the whole, better than the other extreme of light and frivolous ornamentation. Better by far, for the storing of valuable books and pictures, the "bomb-proof hospital of a first-class fortress"as this was called by a critic in a daily newspaper than the light and flimsy Newport or Long Branch cottage, with paper walls and calico decorations. Still, it must be confessed that some little ornamentation of the rough-cast walls might not have been out of place, and would have given some relief from the prevailing weight and simplicity. On the whole, however, the building is, as we have intimated, one of the best of its class with which we are acquainted. It is certainly imposing as seen from the outside, it stands in a favorable situation, and will (we hope) be for years a standing ornament to that portion of Fifth Avenue fronting Central Park. It is built of white marble, in the Neo-Grec style, is two stories in height -both stories being very high - and the arrangements for heating and ventilation are as near perfect as it is possible to attain in the present condition of the builder's trade.

As for the collection of works of art, it is, as we have said, perhaps best to be described as exceedingly solid rather than brilliant. Mr. Lenox has had, comparatively speaking, little to say to the artists of to-day, but has expended most of his money and admiration on those whose reputations have received the seal of time and of critical approval. Whether the collection will prove as useful and valuable to the public as it might if selected on a different plan we do not propose to stop to inquire. In the first place, it is proverbially wrong to look too closely at a gift; and, in the second place, there can be no doubt that the public is always benefited by any exhibition of good works of art — or, for that matter, of bad ones, provided their badness be sufficiently proclaimed.

Mr. Lenox shows us a hundred and thirty-eight

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a be trait Ceci state pictures and fifteen pieces of statuary, representing, altogether, ninety artists, most of them of celebrity.

Among the works of sculpture are a bust of George Washington, and the Children in the Wood, by Thomas Crawford, neither of which, we are sorry to say, possesses any great artistic value. The Washington is particularly bad, bearing no comparison to the head by Raimondo Trentanove, which is at the other end of the room. Trentanove is also represented by an excellent bust of Napoleon, which, together with the Washington, was executed to order. Of the other sculptures there are two by Sir John Steell -a bust of Rev. Dr. Chalmers, and one of Sir Walter Scott; a Sleeping Child, by Pampeloni, and specimens by Benjamin E. Spence, Rauch, and John Gibson. Hiram Powers is represented by an very unattractive Penserosa, and in the vestibule are two Roman busts of Caracalla, and his mother, Julia Pia, both exceedingly well executed and well worth seeing.

Of the pictures we have already remarked what may be termed their solid character, the artists represented being, for the most part, men in the front rank of their profession. Along with these, however, it must be confessed that we find some whose title to be there it is difficult to make out, except on the ground that they were probably pleasing to Mr. Lenox for reasons which nobody but himself can very clearly see. Thus, of the one hundred and thirty-eight pictures, no less than thirty-three are portraits, and most of them of little or no intrinsic value or merit as pictures. Among the best of these are Christopher Columbus, and Alexander Hamilton, by Daniel Huntington; David Garrick, by Robert E. Pine; Gilbert Stuart's full length of Washington, so well known by means of engravings; the head of Mrs. Morris, by the same artist; and copies from Holbein's portrait of John Calvin, and of Sir Joshua Reynolds's of Edmund Burke. There is, also, Charles R. Leslie's portrait of Washington Irving, which was engraved by Danforth, and may be found prefixed to most editions of Irving's works.

Besides these, which are all very well, we have also a number of pictures by S. F. B. Morse, J. Singleton Copley, Rembrandt Peale, James Peale, and others, marked for the most part in the catalogue by such titles as "Portrait of a Gentleman," or "Portrait of a Lady," or with the name of some almost equally unknown individual. These may have some peculiar merit in Mr. Lenox's eyes, but they certainly have not the least for the rest of the world.

Of the pictures, other than portraits, it may be said that they are of quite as unequal merit as the portraits. There is a number of copies among them from pictures more or less celebrated, though there is also a goodly collection of originals. Of these the popular interest, of course, attaches chiefly to the pictures by Sir Joshua Reynolds, J. M. W. Turner, Sir Edwin Landseer, and Thomas Gainsborough.

Turner is represented by two paintings, "A Scene on the French Coast, with an English Ship-of-War Stranded," and "Fingal's Cave, in the Island of Staffa," the former painted in 1836, and the latter in 1832. Both are painted in precisely the same style as the "Slave Ship," sold in the Johnston collection, and about which there has been so much discussion. The present pictures are less wild and imaginative than that much-abused effort, and, by so much, are more pleasing to most persons; but they both show the same queer, almost incomprehensible, style. There is, also, an excellent engraving from what was, probably, one of Turner's best pictures: "The Old Temeraire being towed to her last berth to be broken up." It was supposed that Mr. Lenox had the original of this. and there was much disappointment to find him possessed only of an engraving.

Of Sir Joshua Reynolds there are three specimens-"Portrait of Miss Kitty Fisher, with Doves," which would be exquisite had it not almost entirely faded from the canvas, leaving only the remains of a head, which looks more like that of a consumptive than of a beautiful woman surrounded by doves. The portrait - a full length - of Mrs. Billington, as Saint Cecilia, surrounded by angels, is in a somewhat better

and enabling us to judge of the beauty which Sir than did the knights of the Middle Ages. They com-Joshua took so much pleasure in painting. The third bined, at the same time, the trained courage of the of this artist's pictures represents a boy in a red velvet costume, leaning against a green cushion, is very well preserved, and is an excellent specimen of brilliant coloring, but, apart from that fact, is not specially interesting or instructive.

There are, also, three pictures by Sir Edwin Landseer, a "Dog in a Stable," a "Study of a White Horse," and a sunset scene. Of these, neither of the two animal pieces can be considered as particularly favorable specimens of the artist's style or methods, and neither does justice to his great merits. The landscape, however, though by no means great as a picture, possesses much interest, as being one of the very few landscapes he ever attempted, and, we believe, the only one ever brought to this country.

There is one picture by Gainsborough - a romantic little landscape scene of a pool in a wood, and a peasant with some horses and sheep, but it pos very little to recommend it except its age, which is about ninety years.

After the painters named come Eugene Verboeckhoven, four of whose pictures are exhibited, all of which are good specimens; Paul Delaroche's "The Field of Battle," and Horace Vernet's "Siege of Saragossa," both tolerably well known and thoroughly characteristic pictures.

We have neither time nor space to give a complete catalogue of the collection, even if it were worth while so to do. We have indicated some of the more valuable, with the exception of four recent purchases, "Picador in a Spanish Wine Shop," by Pedro de Vega; "Parrot Dealer, at the Chateau of Blois," by Leon y Escosura; "A Spanish Café," by Jose Jimenez; and Zamacois's portrait of himself as a Court Fool. Of the others, some are good, some downright bad, and others are neither.

THE ANNIVERSARY.

DEATH comes to us all; as well to knight and lady of high degree as to squire and humble man-at-arms and he is received by all with much the same feelings. He is never a welcome guest in any household, though the one he is appointed to carry off may meet him unflinchingly, and even with a cheerful welcome. It is to the survivors he is least welcome; it is they who mourn and to whom death is chiefly terrible. have been many different ways of meeting death in the history of mankind, and a comparison of them with one another is not uninstructive. Thus the ancients, for the most part, met death with a simple stoical indifference which they were taught to cultivate, and which certainly answered a good purpose among warlike peoples. It was not hard to get men to fight who had been taught from childhood to despise the probable result of fighting; nor was it difficult to inculcate this indifference among peoples who, for the most part, had no belief in a future existence of the soul beyond this life.

But even Roman indifference to life was outdone by the absolute joy with which the early Christians welcomed death by even the most cruel or the most shameful methods, astonishing even their execution-Nor was this phenomenon difficult to be accounted for. The peculiarity of their belief was, that death secured them immediate entrance to the heaven which their imaginations pictured as containing everything which could help to produce in the soul the most ecstatic bliss it was capable of feeling. No wonder, then, they went joyfully to a martyrdom which was to give them so much happiness in exchange for a life of misery and persecution here.

The same feeling has been shown, to a greater or less extent since, as among the strict old Puritans. whose thorough belief in the doctrines of Predestination and Foreordination led them to charge the ranks of the Cavaliers with such irresistible fury. In this they showed the same spirit as the Turks, who find the same sort of consolation in their fatalism, which answers the same purpose.

None have ever gone to death, however, more cheer-

soldier with the ardor of the zealot. To be sure we can not, unfortunately, believe their zeal to have always been that of the enthusiastic Christians such as hid in the Catacombs and were thrown to wild beasts at Rome; but, what faith in an invisible God did for the latter, an equally unquestioning faith in a powerful Church did for the former, and the result was the same. Besides these feelings was the powerful one which formed the foundation of the institution of chivalry itself—a devotion to honor, tenderness and reverence begat in them a feeling which threw around death a sort of halo which robbed it of all its terrors. He who lived and died as became a true knight, was not only assured by holy Church of a safe entrance to Paradise, but was also sure of having his name and prowess honored here, and his deeds held up for the admiration and imitation of younger knights in æternum. It was, doubtless, some such feeling, as well as the natural affection of kindred, which gave rise to the custom of placing on the tomb of a brave knight his effigy, and of hanging above the altar his shield, with its devices, that his virtues and his deeds might be brought to the memories of all who passed the place. Many such tombs are to be found throughout England, and, indeed, throughout all Europe; the figures of those who took part in the Crusades lying with crossed legs, while on their shields are borne the escalloped shell, the distinctive mark of those who had been to the Holy Land.

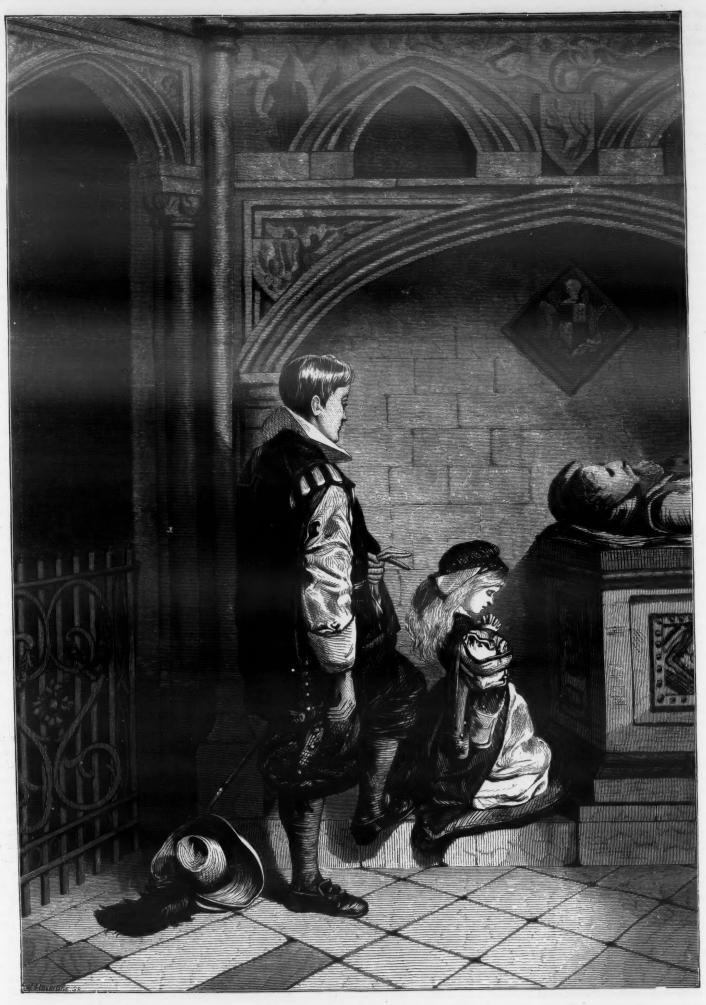
Such tombs would naturally become the family shrine, to which frequent pilgrimages would be made, where the young would be brought to be impressed with the virtues of their ancestors and urged to imitate them; where members of the family, as they came to an age to leave the ancestral roof, would come for a farewell look, and to renew vows of fidelity to the principles of those who had gone before them.

It is some such scene which Mr. Huard has depicted. The youth and his little sister are evidently double orphans, and have come to visit the tomb of their parents on the anniversary of the death of one or other of them, and while the child silently prays for them, the young man sadly meditates on the life before him, with all its cares and duties, not the least of which will be the charge of the little motherless child at his feet.

The painter of this striking and affecting picture, Mr. F. Huard, is a Spanish artist of the present day, and of considerable distinction.

NOT AN EXPERT.

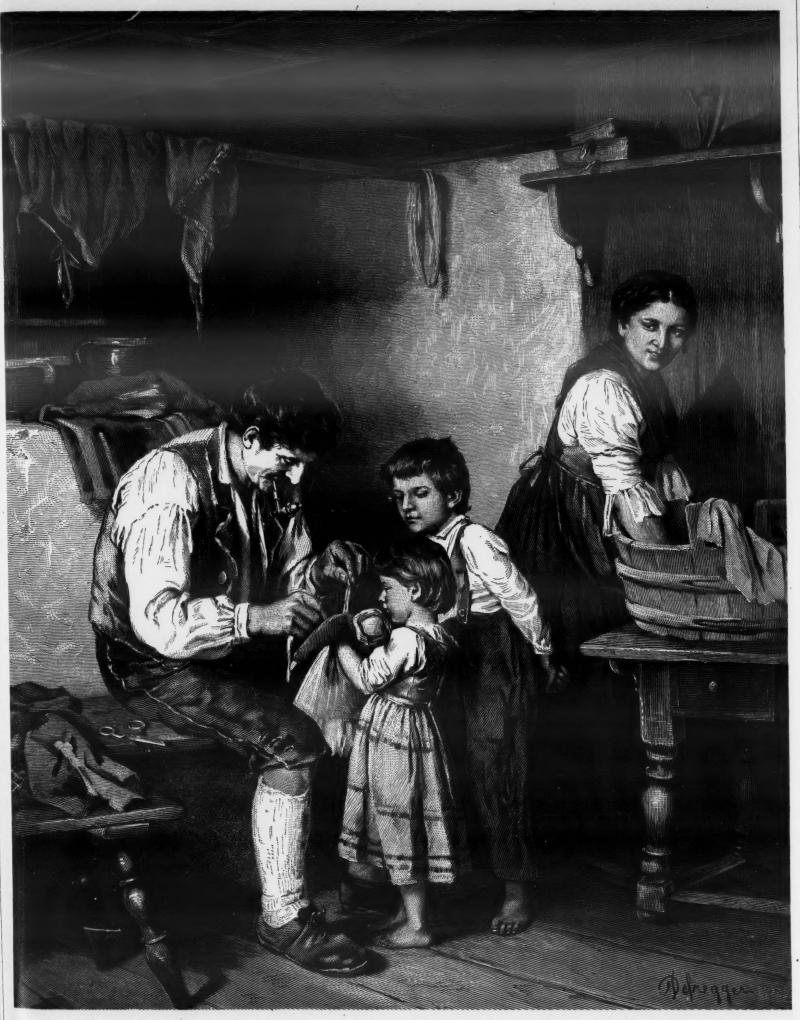
Nowhere else can there be found better material for characteristic interior views than in Europe, and in no part of Europe better than in Germany. Life in the old countries has a picturesqueness, a simplicity and a certain sort of individuality very different from what is to be found in this new country. To be sure Europeans are always telling about the "individuality" of Americans, and with a certain amount of justice, but the individuality of the American is a matter of personal idiosyncracy, a result of the effect of either himself or his immediate ancestors having been obliged to live much alone, or to struggle alone with the difficulties of life. The European, on the contrary, and especially the European of the peasant class, presents an individuality which might more properly be described as tribal, communal or cantonal. Life, with them, commenced centuries ago, and has moved on in a steady stream - except when casually interrupted by wars-ever since. What was done by the grandfather the father repeated, and the son followed both. Manners, customs, ideas, and to a great extent dress, scarcely changed once in a century. Railroads have certainly made some changes, and tourists of experience note, with more less of regret, the gradual extinction of the typical peasant, and the entire lapse of the time when each community had its own laws, its own dress, almost its own typical physiognomy. The railroad is begetting ideas of change in the youth of the remotest village; Paris fashions are spreading state of preservation, the head being almost perfect, fully or (if we may use such a phrase) more gracefully over all the lands, and very soon the European peas-



THE ANNIVERSARY. - AFTER F. HUARD.

ant will exist but in name. How much better this country in the early days of its settlement, when tracondition of affairs will be morally or politically—if it will be at all better—we leave others to discuss; we only know it destroys the picturesque aspect of the case entirely, which is what we are chiefly considering. Something the same condition of affairs as that we have been noticing was to have been found in this country in the early days of its settlement, when tradition—of the whole mass of the people to a dead level of uniformity, until now one American home in facilities for inter-communication, and especially for easy emigration from other settlements where land was dear, to the unoccupied country where it was cheap,

and



NOT AN EXPERT. - AFTER FRANZ DEFREGGER.

helped to impair the strictly characteristic home-life of the people, and has had a regrettable breaking in upon the sanctity of the family relation.

All these things help toward forcing our painters of the direction of other works than the class of which the conquering and settling of a new country has being forced to go more out of doors has done our artists and the American school no harm; but that is a question we do not care now to discuss. Let us, rather, glance at the pleasing group before us for a moment. The story is evident enough, so well is it

told, and scarcely needs to be explained. The husband and father - honest workman that he is - has returned to his comfortable though narrow home, and is enjoying his pipe while trying to carry out the wishes of the little one - who has as much faith in the omnipotence of "papa" as have the children of richer parents - and to make her, with fingers all unused to such tasks, a doll. Little Gretchen looks smilingly on, perfectly prepared to be satisfied with the work however clumsy it may be, while young Fritz roguishly plucks his mother's skirt to call attention to what is going on, and the good Hausfrau pauses a moment city in the United States in which there have not been art forms, and so becoming ornamental without losing over her steaming tub to smile at der Vater's clum- frequently displayed specimens of silver ware of at their character for usefulness. In silver ware, for in-

THE specimens of rich silver ware, rare pottery of various sorts, and other similar art works of all nations, exhibited at Philadelphia, have had an undoubted effect upon the people of the whole country. Indeed, it could not happen otherwise, when we consider how many thousands were probably there first introduced to such articles. To the dwellers in our leading cities the exhibition was probably less of a them their first clear conception of the capabilities of revelation than to others, because there is no large those materials for being used in the reproduction of

ARTISTIC WARE AT THE CENTENNIAL. good specimens of those manufactures had been much more seldom exhibited in even our largest cities than had examples of good work in metals. Indeed, it is very doubtful whether the great mass of the people, while they knew very well what good silver ware was, had any adequate idea whatever of the best sorts of artistic pottery.

The Exhibition at Philadelphia was, therefore, like a revelation to many thousands of people, giving to



COMMUNION SERVICE IN SILVER. - LIAS & SON

siness. Truth to say, the good father's efforts are not least considerable excellence of workmanship, if not stance, which was long, and still is to a certain exglass - or, what is better, in this picture - he would probably be ready enough to acknowledge that he cuts a somewhat ridiculous figure, as everybody can see except the little Gretchen whose doll is in hand. Altogether it is a thoroughly pleasing scene of happy, homely life, and will not fail to be appreciated wherever there is longing for home, love, and unity under whatever conditions.

Franz Defregger, the painter of this charming picture, is one of the modern school of Munich, and has a growing reputation there, though little known in this country. An excellent picture by him, "The forms of beauty Prize Horse," was exhibited at the Centennial Loan read or dreamed. Exhibition, and attracted much attention from the thousands who saw it.

of the most facile sort, and could he see himself in the equal to many of those shown at Philadelphia. It tent, considered the peculiar property of the rich, it must be confessed, indeed, that, up to that time, nothing had been produced here to equal the specimens of artistic work in metals -- especially in silverexhibited by both American and foreign houses, the artisans of this country having outdone themselves in order to vie with their competitors from abroad. So that, in some respects, the exhibit was a revelation to all; but less so, as we have said, to those who had become somewhat familiarized with the work of our leading silversmiths than to those who then, for the first time, found themselves brought face to face with forms of beauty of which they had theretofore only

It was the same thing with articles of pottery, por-

was sufficiently well known that beautiful forms had been and could be produced; but how many such forms, and how beautiful, had, probably, never been thoroughly understood before. Nor, what is of more importance, had it been understood how thoroughly those same forms, and others even more beautiful than any commonly found in solid silver ware, could be reproduced in plated ware, of which specimens were exhibited, showing that what could be done in solid silver could also be copied in plated ware with no less of beauty or usefulness, and with a great reduction in price, so that artistic table service need no longer remain the exclusive prerogative of the rich, but could be made to suit the tables and the purses of those of celain, majolica, faience, etc., with the exception that very moderate means. It is not fair to sneer at this



THE MINISTER'S FORD. - S. READ.

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become one of the necessities of the hour. A few german-silver spoons, and a tea-service of, at best, the a very boon to the mass, who could not afford the some lucky family, of some almost-forgotten ancestor,

various amalgams known as Britannia ware: while now, thanks to the progress made in the art of electroplating, there is scarcely a household whose members can not serve themselves from plate of the same form, and possessing the same characteristics of cleanliness and of resistance to corrosion as those possessed by the costlier wares of their richer and more ambitious neighbors.

This is no small thing, especially in such a country as ours, where difference of rank is an interchangeable quantity, the first of to-day being the possible last of to-morrow. go very much for what they seem to be worth, and it is a thing by no means lightly to be despised that the boy of to-day, no matter how humble his parentage, should not see around him the semblance - if only a counterfeit - of the objects which excite the admiration of and help to educate his wealthier comrade. The result is that when he "comes to his estate," as he hopes, and is pretty sure to do, and takes his turn in the ranks of the rich, he will find things much less changed to him as to externals than would have been the case some years ago. All this came from the substitution of electro-plate for solid silver ware, and who shall say that it has been no good change? Nor is the substitution entirely confined to those unable to purchase and own the more costly service. Not a few of the wealthiest of our families ha-

glars - taking care, however, that it is artistically equal to the genuine plate; and, so long as they do look after its artistic merit, we fail to see wherein they are wrong or in anywise inconsistent.

metal working have been elaborated first in the pure metal. Why this should be so we are not fully prepared to say; but it is very probably because silver was used as a material for art works long before the art of plating was known, and so established a precedence which no imitation has ever been able to overcome. We are not surprised to find, therefore, at the Centennial, as elsewhere, that the palm for artistic merit must be given to works in solid metal, and this independently of their intrinsic value; for, as we have shown in THE ALDINE, the value of a work in silver repoussé, for instance, was out of all proportion to that of the metal used in its production. Whe-

reproduction of solid wares in plated goods, for it has ther of mythological vases or Christian communion had very seldom been seen in the smaller towns or services, however, the works shown in silver were by years ago, and only the very rich could put upon their far the most valuable and attractive; while, at the known of pottery was comprised in the ordinary tables anything of the sort, those of less means being same time, the reproductions in electro-plate so closely compelled to be content with steel forks, pewter or followed the designs of the original as to make them



GROUP OF FAIENCE VASES.

bitually use the counterfeit as a means of foiling bur- originals and yet coveted the possession of the artistic desire for a much higher expression of art in the comforms and designs.

In pottery somewhat of the same thing was to be observed. While in our larger cities, as has been said, specimens in majolica, faience, and porcelain of There is a certain ludicrous - not to say ridiculous -

country villages, where pretty much all that was "stone china" of the period, with all its hideous forms, or the occasional set of "real china," a relic in

> or of former days of splendor. By way of parenthesis we may remark that many of these old wares - notably what is known as the "willow ware," bore on them ornamentations of remarkable power of execution and beauty of form.

The idea, however, that even the homeliest utensils could be worked into forms of beauty and of artistic perfection had never become widely spread abroad in the land, for the simple reason that there was no evidence on which it could have been based. As a rule, everything in the way of pottery ware offered for sale throughout the country, whether of articles for use, or what were called - on a sort of lucus a non lucendo principle -- "ornaments," were the most outrageous violations of all the principles of taste, and capable of conveying no other idea than those which might be engendered by a rich mince pie eaten late at night, through the medium of the nightmare. The exhibition, however, of works of the highest style of art - such as we illustrate-has had the effect to convince both manufacturers and purchasers - and manufacturers because purchasers were first convinced that something better than the old style of no ornamentation might be indulged in with the certainty of its being appreciated by the people at In this way the Centennial large. Exposition has done good to the whole country by spreading abroad a

monest household articles than was felt before.

On the other hand it may be matter of question, whether or not we have not lost in some respects. The fact remains, however, that the finest ideas in Sèvres or of Dresden had not been uncommon, they aspect to the case which, perhaps, deserves mention.

> the close of the Centennial, very much the fashion to talk about the different styles of silver and of pottery ware with a familiarity which is very apt to breed a feeling of contempt among those who are better informed and are less carried away with recollections of their visits to Philadelphia. One is apt to hear now very little. in the way of conversation, at almost any gathering, than critical comments-some of them very flimsyon the comparative merits of majolica, Dresden, faience, Sèvres, Palissy, and various 'other styles and makes of pottery; or on the comparative merits of the handiwork of the different artists in silver and other metals. Listen-

It has become, since



DRESDEN PORCELAIN.

ing to much of this sort of discussion, one might imagine that the masterpieces of the past had never before been fully appreciated, and that it had been reserved for the present generation to find out who, in the past, had been great artists and who had not. It is probable that this topic will furnish material for conversation around many a fireside for a long time to come; and it may become - may have become, we - tiresome to not a few who have been obliged to listen to it, and who were better informed at the outset than most of their interlocutors. This sort of discussion is very far from doing any harm, however, to the cause of art in general, for it has the effect, as a rule, of creating a popular interest in, and of diffusing a general knowledge of, art among the people. It will be, or ought to be, difficult hereafter to sell to persons who have seen the magnificent specimens, both in metal and in pottery, shown at Philadelphia centre of the edifice is reserved for the Fine Arts; the water, the other, 600 cubic yards of water from the

and those shown by engravings in such works as THE ALDINE, any of the abominable forms formerly so common and so familiar to travelers in the regions of our country away from the cities. Even the most remote and most rural of hamlets will have now standards by which to judge what is offered them either in electro-plate, or silver, or pottery ware of Vases whatever kind. which look like nothing, and have no elements of beauty about them, will stand no comparison with such specimens of real artistic work as we have from time to time engraved, and of which we give fresh illustrations in the present number.

It is in this respect that THE ALDINE has done much to fulfill its mission as an art educator. by showing what was best, not only at the show at Philadelphia, but wherever else the works of really good artists were to be found; and it is to be hoped that we shall never be found derelict in doing our duty in this respect. We have published, from time to time, engravings of some of the best pictures produced by native or foreign artists, and we propose continuing to do

properly said that we have failed to give our readers European and American artists and artisans in works - Sidney Grey. of both pure and applied art.

THE EXPOSITION OF 1878.

AT present all Paris, yes, all Europe, is interested in the coming Exhibition of 1878. Work has commenced on the Champs de Mars, and the Trocadero, opposite each other, though on either side of the River Seine. As the Exhibition buildings are to over the Pont d'Jena, will connect the two parts and out leaving the Exhibition grounds. The main building will not be elliptical in shape, as was that of 1867; the architects have decided that the curved line is

to provide properly for the rocking of the many machines which accumulate in the galleries, the curved lines present innumerable difficulties. So the building is to be a long quadilateral with right angles, the shortest sides fronting upon the river and the Military School; the longest facing upon the Avenue Labourdonnaye on the east, and the Avenue Suffren on the west. The buildings will be erected near the Military School, so as to leave 10,000 square yards between them and the river for the park - one of marvels of the future Exposition, as the horticulturists and birdfanciers of the world are invited to send their rarest specimens of flowers and birds. In the Exposition of 1867 the building was arranged as a huge cake, and so disposed that each nation could have a slice; this idea is to be carried out in the future one-the square lends itself just as freely to such an arrangement. The

BASIN IN PORCELAIN.

the same thing, with the idea that it shall never be smaller saloons annexed and contiguous to the grand for admission, etc.; in a word, to direct toward the gallery will be allotted to the rich amateurs, and to the samples of the best results and best efforts of both provincial museums, for the exhibition of the marvels of their collections. Each one will be privileged to decorate the space given him according to his taste. At each extremity of the palace will be an enormous one looking toward the Trocadero, the other to the Military School; the façades of these vestibules will be of cut stone decorated with statues. The space to be covered by the buildings, etc., comprises 240,000 square yards. The Commission, having in mind an artistic effect, have arrayed side by side the countries of the Orient, whose populations stretch across the river, a supplementary bridge, built are lovers of color and light — those whose architecture, costumes and furniture are picturesque and brilallow visitors to pass from one side to the other with- liant - those will be grouped; and their saloons will tissues - clothing and accessories; 5th, extractive in open upon that of the Fine Arts, so as to give a magnificent coup d'ail. Among the amusements they speak of a captive balloon, capable of carrying one very inconvenient for fastening together the parts of hundred persons at once to the altitude of 500 yards. the structure to be composed mainly of iron; besides, Upon the highest plain of the Trocadero will be an

enormous lighthouse, built by Cail; this great light will be 137 yards high (the highest up to this time). It is commissioned by England, and is to be placed at Plymouth after the exhibition: the tower will contain ten chambers for the guardians; two store rooms; one infirmary; a sleeping-room, with twelve beds for the wrecked; and, about fifty-three yards above the sea, upon a movable bed, is to be an enormous cannon, capable of sending the life-lines a distance of 10,000 yards; a life-boat, ready for sea, will be always kept under a shed placed upon the first platform, and can be put into service by a single person. Upon the Trocadero, also, will be stationed the grand aquariums of fresh and salt water. Those of 1867 were interesting, from all accounts, but, for scientific purposes, altogether worthless. They were quite large, one receiving from the River Dhuys 174 cubic yards of

> sea, daily. But the aquariums of 1878 are to be vast; they mean not only to exhibit all known fish. but to arrange them so that the visitors will be instructed into the lives and daily habits of the finny tribes, and their reproduction, natural and artificial. Like the house of the antique philosopher, their houses will be of glass, and their private lives open to the day. A few "regulations," taken from the Journal Officiel, may interest some of your readers: The Exposition, which is to open upon the Champs de Mars, and upon the heights of the Trocadero, on the 1st of May, 1878, and close upon the 31st of October, following, is organized under the responsibility and the direction of the Minister of Agriculture and Commerce, by a general commissioner, named previously by a presidential decree, M. the Senator Krantz. To aid this general commissioner (or commissary-general) are to be instituted, in each department, special commissioners, who will correspond with him, and who will have, for mission, to make known conditions of the Exhibition; to distribute the requests

great end the resources of their respective departments. The same course will be pursued in foreign countries, by commissioners instituted by request of the French Government; and they will be requested to send a representative to the commissary-general, to participate in the division of space; the management of it, Exhibitors must address themselves to their respective commissions, as the commissary-general will not correspond. Each nation should divide its products among the nine groups forming the base of the system of general classification. Below are the names and order of these groups: 1st group, works of art; 2d, education, information, material and processes of the liberal arts; 3d, furniture, and accessories; 4th, dustries, products rough worked; 6th tools and processes of mechanical industries; 7th, alimentary products; 8th, agriculture and pisciculture; and 9th, horticulture.

These nine groups are subdivided into ninety clas-

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ses; a methodical and complete catalogue will be arranged to guide the visitor; giving the place of the product, and its exhibitor. Each nation will have the right to have the catalogue of its section, but printed at its own expense, and in its own language only.

No work of art, no product exposed in any part of the palace, can be copied, drawn, or reproduced without the authority of the exposer, nor withdrawn before the close of the Exposition without permission of the commissary-general.

Exhibitors will have nothing to pay for the places they will occupy; and the flooring will be furnished them in good state. If they wish to displace, modify, or consolidate the flooring; if the nature of their exposition exacts works of decoration or terracing, in the building or in the garden, all will be executed at new or unknown to our readers, albeit they might argument is necessary to expose the fallacy of this their expense, and with the authoriza-

tion of the commissary-general. The works of art, from French or foreign artists, produced since the 1st of May, 1867 — that is to say, since the last Universal Exhibition - will be admitted and installed into special saloons.

Not to be admitted: copies in general; pictures and drawings not framed; sculptures in clay not baked. A jury of admission will be organized; also an international jury on recompenses. The number and nature of recompenses will be settled in future.

On that concerning agricultural products and those classed industrial, all matters judged dangerous will be excluded. Corrosive substances, altering or incommodious, should be inclosed in solid vases of proportions. Explosives or inflammables will be received only in imitation.

The constructors of machines, apparels, etc., exacting the use of water, of gas, or of steam, should, upon their demand for admission, mention the quantities that will be necessary to them, and which will be furnished them gratuitously. An international jury will award the recompenses, for which, at present, a sum of \$300,000 is allotted.

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Those who aspire to be exhibitors should procure a demand for admission, which are already printed and are gratuitous. At Paris they may be obtained at the Palace of Industry, and at the Ministers of Agriculture and Commerce; in the Departments, at the seat of the different committees of the Exposition. The demands are to be filled and sent back in the shortest possible time. Foreigners make their demands of the committees of their several countries.

The administration will not be responsible in any degree for the objects exposed, which otherwise may be in-

prevent misrule. A general supervision will be organof each section should form a special guard, to be received by the commissary, and to wear a uniform or emblems, and who may require the co-operation of

All communications addressed to the commission should be as follows: "M. le Sénateur Commissaire Général de l'Exposition Universelle de 1878, à Paris."

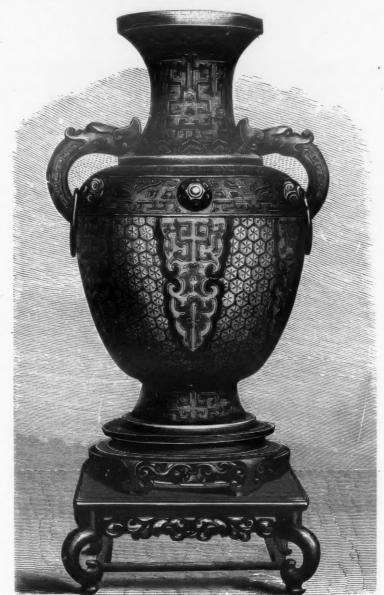
The gallery of Fine Arts will be the chef-d'œuvre of the Exposition.

Each nation will occupy a surface of twenty-five yards; and it is divided on the principle that each nation will have its façade decorated according to the architecture peculiar to itself. Upon this idea is based most attention; but the question arose whether such

one might wish to decorate in better style and taste than the prevailing one of its architecture; and whether it would not be better to communicate to each foreign commission the plan, and regulate by their judgment. So the design of M. Bénard is to be reproduced and a copy sent to each commission. In the mean time he continues his labor upon the section belonging to his country, in which he intends to reproduce the history of French architecture from remotest times to the present day. — John Steeple.

PAINTINGS IN WATER COLORS.

THE existence of the American Society of Painters in Water Colors could not possibly be anything



ANCIENT CHINESE 'VASE.

sured by the exposers. Measures have been taken to forget, if not occasionally reminded of it, that there much as they added to its attractiveness in that respect, ized to prevent theft or embezzlement; the exhibitors vival of interest in water colors which took place a hibition of the work of American artists. If there is few years ago, the Society was organized by some of directing attention to its particular branch of art, and the regular police. The articles exposed will be freed in doing very much good work. The only trouble Americans, but the exhibition of their work certainly with it has been that, very many worthy people having of less consequence than those in oil - infinitely easier to do, and of far less value when done - the works of the members of the Society in this line get less attention, perhaps, than they deserve. At least, the whole subject of water-color painting has far less popular recognition than its importance would warrant. In insinuating, in the remotest degree, that the annual the design of M. Bénard, the one which attracts the exhibitions of the Society are not well attended, for the of the Society, much less could we give any opinion reverse is certainly the case. It can not be disguised, an idea could be imposed upon each nation; as some however, that the popular interest has been allowed ber we shall notice the leading specimens.

to concentrate itself, so to speak, so thoroughly on paintings in oils, that water colors have been very much neglected and overlooked; and this in face of the really strong, good work done, both here and abroad, by men who have practically shown their ability to produce good pictures in any material which they may choose to handle. The fact is, we suspect, that a considerable portion of the general public has taken up the notion, which we are sorry to say is shared by some artists who ought to know betterthat, while it is a difficult thing to paint good pictures in oils, water colors will almost "paint themselves; that they are in the nature of toys, and may be handled, with more or less of success, by almost anybody whether he can draw or not. Of course, no

> reasoning-if reasoning it can be called - but it prevails to some extent, and has a certain amount of influence nevertheless.

It is now some ten years since the American Society was organized, its tenth annual exhibition having been given in January and February, 1877; and in that time very good progress has been made in this branch of art, though there still remains ample room for improvement in both artists and public. Looking at the tenth exhibition as a whole, for instance, we should say that especially in the case of the artists who also and usually paint in oilsthere was less attention to quality than to quantity. That is, it seemed as though, in too many instances, the works shown had been painted less from any actual love than a desire to produce something; and that they had been looked upon rather in the light of "pot boilers," which tended to interrupt the regular work in oil colors. Of course this was not true of all the works shown, but it was very much the impression the visitor was likely to get from a casual look through the rooms. It was only on a second and more careful review that we found the many real gems which saved the exhibition from presenting a dead level of mediocrity.

Before speaking of the individual pictures, we may take occasion to note the fact that there were shown a good many pictures by foreign artists - pictures loaned for the occasion. This, we can not help thinking, was a mistake. It seemed, and seems to us, that it would have been better to have confined the exhibition entirely to the work of members, or, at least, of American artists. We fail to see wherein the exhibition or the Society was benefited by the admission of the works of foreigners. To be sure, they helped to make the place more attractive as a show; but by so

was such an organization. An outgrowth of the re- they detracted from its value as a representative exanything in these national exhibitions which is worth our leading artists, and has been very successful in considering, it is their American character. Foreign artists may or may not do better work than is done by can not be considered as adding anything or proving imbibed the notion that paintings in water colors are anything in regard to the capabilities of our own artists. If we are to have an exhibition of water-color pictures, let us be so told, and let us see as many pictures, and by as many different artists, as possible; but if we are invited to see the pictures of an American Society, let us be shown works of American artists only. It would be impossible for us to even mensaying this, we do not wish to be misunderstood as tion all of the more than five hundred pictures hung on the walls of the Academy at the tenth exhibition as to the merits of them all, though in a future num-

THE CROSSING-SWEEPER.

Among the American artists represented at Philadelphia, few had heartier recognition than Mr. J. G. Brown, whose picture, "The Crossing-Sweeper," we

reproduce on this page

No matter what the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children may say — and undoubtedly they are right in the main - about the cruel use of the little street-sweeping urchins by their parents as source of gain, and in spite of all the police may tell us about the occupation being a school of vagrancy and vice, one can not help feeling a certain amount of liking for the little fellows, and looking upon them as to a certain extent pursuing a definite and allowable vocation. The boy in the picture, for instance, looks more as though he were tired with honest work on his own account, and as though he wished passers the muddy street dryshod were more numerous, than we may expect to add to the list of his great pictures;

as if he were being illtreated by parents or heartless guardians at Is he not worth a penny?

In this connection a brief sketch of the artist will not be out of place. He was born at Bencham, in the county of Durham, England, a small village near Newcastle-upon-Tyne, on the 11th of November, 1831. He could draw, as he says, "passably well" long before he could read or write. He also says of himself, "I remember drawing my mother's picture when nine years old." The first work he did was house painting; but his master, seeing a predisposition to embellish his work, told him he would never make a painter, and therefore discharged him. Mr. Brown afterward served seven years in the glass business, but seldom made use of the knowledge thus acquired in his after-life. It was during his apprenticeship to this trade that he commenced his art studies at the government school of design, Newcastle-on-Tyne. He there worked ten hours and a half at his trade during the day, and in the evening prosecuted his studies. He continued at this work for two years and a half, and then, at the age of twenty, went to Edinburgh, Scotland, to work in the Holyrood Glass-Works. While there he continued his studies at the Royal Edinburgh Academy from 1852 to 1853. It was there that he took his first prize, in the Antique Class, under Robert Scott Lauder, R.S.A.

Just here occurs an incident in his life worth record-but we can not violate studio secrets so far as to tell were babies, proofs of an almost foolish tenderness. ing, and we will let him tell it in his own words: "While working, I was sent for from the Academy This meant something to me, and I told one of my fellow-workmen that if I received a prize I would throw up my cap as I came in at the door of the long workshop. I was the lucky one, and, on arriving at the glass-house, I gave the promised signal, and the workshop rang with three cheers for the English boy who could work all day at his trade, and yet take a prize over the heads of those who gave their undivided attention to drawing.'

In 1853 Mr. Brown left Scotland for London, where he commenced to paint portraits, and was doing very well, but got the American fever and came to New York, where he landed on November 11, 1853, his birthday - being just twenty-two. He obtained employment in the Brooklyn Glass-Works, and while 1855, after which he set up his easel in Brooklyn.

artists," Mr. Brown says, "treated me as few men have been treated; that is, they not only bought my pictures themselves or sold them for me, but introduced me to their friends, made me an Associate of the Academy - and then, as soon as circumstances would admit, made me an Academician for the painting for Robert Gordon, Esq., called 'Curling in Central Park,' and 'Marching Along,' painted for Mr. C. Sevton, in 1862-3.

Among Mr. Brown's best pictures are "Gathering Autumn Leaves," owned by Mr. John J. Cisco; 'Hiding in the Old Oak," owned by Mr. Fairbanks "The Duet," owned by Mr. Northrop; "Pitching Pennies," owned by P. van Volkenburg, exhibited at the Loan Exhibition; several small pictures of Italian street children, one of which received a silver medal in Boston; "His First Cigar," painted for Bishop Herrick; and "A Sure Catch," sold at the Artist who were willing to pay for the privilege of crossing Fund Sale last winter. As Mr. Brown is still busy,

THE CROSSING-SWEEPER. - J. G. Brown.

what we think will be their titles.

In style Mr. Brown may be called a champion of what is known as the "realistic" school of art, though by no means carrying his devotion to it so far as do many other disciples of that peculiar school. With him the leading and governing idea is to paint what he sees, and as he sees it. He neither believes in blending foliage into masses, nor in any other way softening or idealizing, so to speak, the accessories of a picture, while at the same time spending all his force and energy on the main figure or figures, so as to bring out to the fullest extent the idea. His pictures, as indicated by their titles, are chiefly genre pieces, and almost always of phases and scenes of homely life. As he is a careful student - rarely attempting anything without careful study from a model - it follows that his pictures have a value as accurate there painted some portraits. He was married in reproductions of contemporary life, both in artistic execution and in the idea or story involved. Of his Mr. Gignoux and other artists advised him to remove excellence in the peculiar style he has adopted there to New York, so he took Mr. George H. Boughton's can be no doubt; concerning the merits of the style poser sang it before several persons, who remained studio, who went to Europe. "In New York the itself there has been much and animated discussion. mute, and one of his fellow-laborers, Michel Carré,

THE FINE ARTS IN PARIS.

In view of the very brilliant success of the new opera "Paul and Virginia," it may be opportune to give a short notice of the author, Victor Massé. His real name is Felix Marie Massé; but Melody, of which he is the most deserving devotee, has persuaded him, so it appears, to change his Christian name to Victor, which seemed to him more euphonious than Felix. If, in Latin, felix means happy, victor means conqueror - the author of "Paul and Virginia" has not always had equal right to these two epithets, for his commencements were laborious and trying. Pupil of the Choron school - where he studied at the same time with Rachel—then of the pianist Zimmerman, and finally of Fromental Halévy, he could not succeed in having his works performed until late. Then, when he saw the doors of all the directors' cabinets shut in his face, le thought with regret of the calmness of his first years - in Brittany where he had

passed his happy infancy, and in Italy which had nursed him in his dreamy adolescence. Massé is a Breton. He has guarded the faith and piety peculiar to those people, which pushes the believers to God on all anxious occasions. He has been seen, upon the morning of the day in the evening whereof one of his pieces was to be performed for the first time, to enter a church and ask of Heaven success for his work. Providence, ever favorable to inoffensive beings, has upon nearly all occasions bent a listen-

ing ear to his prayers. Massé is one of the best of men. The idea of doing harm to a friend or causing pain to any one, troubles him and makes him miserable. He carries this sentiment to exaggeration. He took once, when he was sick, no less than ten different remedies to please the friends who had proposed them. He has a dog who loveth not music - a dog in the body of which is refuged, says he, the soul of an unsympathetic brother-musician. Well, he never opens his piano in presence of that quadruped for fear of giving him a moment's torture. He has from time to time slight accesses of passion. He finds, for example, that they are too prodigal. "Let me," says he, "make the purchases. will be more reasonable." If they give way, he passes all limits of prodigality, finding nothing dear enough nor beautiful enough. He gave to his daughters, when they

One day he reproached them seriously for growing. "How can you expect me," said he, "to take you both in my arms at once? You are getting too heavy, and we shall quarrel if that continues." endeavor to remain small," said the little ones, kissing his eyes. Those who have the pleasure of knowing his daughters can judge how vain were their efforts.

I am not going to speak of Massé's works here, nor to recall the triumphs and popularity of his partitions, notwithstanding there are a few facts unknown to most readers. Does any one know, for example, that the "Noces de Jeannette" was born from a newspaper article? Reading a journa! in a café, his eye was struck with the case of a bridegroom, who, arriving before the mayor, gave vent to a very energetic "No, in place of the sacred "Yes" expected by all. And the famous air, or "drinking song," in "Galatea," "Ah! verse encore!" was within a hair's breadth of being thrown into the basket. As soon as he had written that admirable morceau, the enraptured com-

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M Lava been Phil teno Pons predicted that the public would never listen to the end. Everybody knows the result.

In the last few years, Massé has taken the "light opera," so to say, in his grip. "I think it absurd," says he, "that the same personages should sing half and speak half in a musical work [as is the case in French opera comique.] That usage engenders grotesque effects that convention alone has rendered acceptable. Is it logical - is it natural - that a young girl should say to her father: 'You ask me why I love Alcindor? Very well—listen!' At this moment one hears the bow of the leader tap-tap upon the desk, and the violins execute a ritornelle, during which the young girl rests with a puckered simper upon her lips, while her father pricks up his ears and assumes an astonished air? It is not so in natural life, nor do things pass in that manner in our world."

The conception of "Paul and Virginia" coincides with that determination to consecrate his talent and inspiration to lucubrations purely lyric. Ten years ago Victor Massé worked on that partition. Says the critic: "In 1868 I went one evening to the old opera to shake hands with the master, who, when he was not on the stage in quality of chief of the chorus. meditated in a sort of cabinet previously occupied by an actor. The door of that little place was pierced with a round opening like an open mouth, with a glass in, in such a manner that upon standing on tiptoes I perceived Massé seated before his desk and acting like a fool. He struck the table with his finger, and accompanied that vigorous pantomime by singing and resinging the same phrase in different tones. I entered. 'What's the matter with you?' said I, very interested. 'The matter is,' said he, 'that I would cape of indigestion!" wish to give in five notes the five sentiments which dictate a reply to my Virginia.' Massé had searched those five notes for six months. One can judge by that stubbornness of the perseverance he carries into the service of composition."

Do you wish another specimen of this excess of conscientiousness? Massé had not seen the ocean since his infancy. Having to treat of the tempest in one part of his work, he started in the middle of winter for Dieppe, after having assured himself, at the Observatory, that a tempest was raging there. He beloved by all. ran beyond the city, and stretched himself upon the cliff to listen to the angry ocean, caring nothing for the icy winds that stiffened his fingers and lashed his face. After five hours of this duty he took the train history of that romance. These notes are extracted and returned to Paris. Entering his home entranced, he said to his nearest friends: "I have observed that the tempest has a rhythm peculiar to itself, and that there is, in the disorder of the elements and in the tumult of the waves, a cadence clearly perceptible." When you have the happiness to hear "Paul and Virginia," listen with care to the orchestration of the tempest, and you will remember the trip to Dieppe.

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During the late war, Massé fled with his wife and daughters before the Prussians, who were invading Normandy. Massé had inclosed his partition in a portfolio that each member of the family carried in The composer had all his fears alive, dreading turn. that the precious package might be lost. So each time he changed cars or entered a station or quitted has it); Malles, first lieutenant; Péramont, second to bring back all the most beautiful specimens of faia cab, his liveliest feelings were aroused. "Hast lieutenant; Longchamps de Montendre; Luiz and thou 'Virginie?'" he would say to his wife or daughters. Although at that time one thought little of laughing, there were some compagnons de voyage of Massé's who thought the frequent exclamation an old "saw." A few jokers commenced to cry, "Hast thou Virginie?" without imagining the real source of the question repeated every few moments. In one of the localities occupied by the Prussians, a sergeant the passengers - men, women, sailors, negro slaves seeing the Massé family arrive, said in the dialect peculiar to his district, and winking one eye cunningly: "Hi reggonise yu. Hi engoutered yu at Rouen. It was yu wo sed ulwais, 'Ast thu Firchinie?'

Massé lives in Avenue Frochot, which leads from Laval Street, at No. 26. This little cité has always been peopled by artists. I count among its lodgers Philippe Rousseau, Isabey, Luminais, Voillemot, the tenor Rogers, Arnold Scheffer, Meurice, Heilbuth, Ponson du Ferrail, Diaz, Fromentin, O'Connell, etc.

of talents! and the little avenue is not nearly a block long. The dwelling of the composer Massé is the first upon entering, on the right. It has a garden in front, in which six rose-bushes are very badly off for space; and when one perceives a butterfly flutter into this parterre of five yards square, he smiles at ita smile seeming to say, "Art thou happy in being in the country, away from the turmoil of a great city?" If a rat runs across the microscopic grass-plot in the centre, he protests that the garden of the composer is the most gamy spot in France.

The house stands back, glued, to all appearances, against a high wall, which gives to it the look of a cabin with its three stories - four, it should be said, as the ground floor contains the eating-room, kitchen and cellar. You must pass the kitchen to enter the dining-room, which permits the invited to smell beforehand the excellent menu prepared for them; and when at the "roast" the host wishes to offer a bottle of a superior "cru" to his guests, he has no need to lay down his fork or leave his place. He has only to open a little door and stretch out his hand, to choose, in the cellar, the Chambertin which is to crown the humor of his few but frequent diners - Préault, Vivier, Cabanel, Hébert, Cham, Florent, Willems, etc. This cunning little dining-room, whose round windows recall the "lights" of a cabin, has been decorated in the manner of a mess-room. One could believe himself in the sitting-room of an English packet-boat, and one of the mess-mates, an inhabitant of the place often says between the fruit and cheese: "My children, I like the sailor's life. We are now going at twelve knots the hour, and soon we shall double the

one of the little homes of Nuremberg, it unites the scrupulous cleanliness and the artistic decoration of a rich Flemish dwelling. The terra cottas, old oak, embossed coppers and bronzes, encumber from top to bottom this pretty castle, too narrow to give place to all the affections and all the sympathies of the master and mistress of the house. Mr. and Mrs. Massé have lived there for twenty years - happy, hospitable, and

As I am speaking of the author of the opera "Paul and Virginia," my readers may be pleased—and many instructed, it may be - by reading the true from a rare and curious study of Lemontey from documents found in 1821 in the recorder's office of the Court of Appeals of the Bourbon Islands, particularly the minutes of the proceedings and the depositions of the under officers and sailors saved from the wreck of the Saint Géran. This vessel was lost, not on the 24th of December, as Bernardin de Saint Pierre has it, but on the 17th of August, 1744, and during lovely weather. It was, as says Lemontey, a shipwreck by the hand of man. The Saint Géran, a vessel of from seven to eight hundred tons, left Lorient the 24th of March, 1744, with a numerous crew. The officers were named Delamare, captain (and not Aubin, as the author of the romance of "Paul and Virginia" the Chevalier Boëtte, ensigns. After twenty-two days out, the Saint Géran arrived at Gorée, and embarked twenty negroes and ten negresses. On the 17th of August, in the bay of the "tombeau" (tomb), the ressel, badly guided, was wrecked; and nothing was more tragic, more touching, than the spectacle of this ressel broken by the breakers, and upon its "pont" and freemen - crowded together, receiving the benediction of the priest, and reciting the "Ave Maria Stella," and the "Salve Regina." "Let us pray to Saint Ann d'Auray," said Lieutenant Malles. They prayed, but in vain. A raft launched upon the sea was swiftly swamped, with sixty persons. Of all, only nine men saved themselves. All the officers perished. A miserable slaver, half-spy, half-adventurer, escaped Diaz and Fromentin both died lately. What a circle disrobe was not imagined by Saint Pierre; only it between his hands the charming object he has just

was not to Virginia (whose name was Mlle. Caillou) that the thing happened, but—to the captain of the Saint Géran. The deposition of the boatswain, Edme. Caret, is altogether precise upon that point. Mlle. Caillou, deposes Edme. Caret, was upon the forecastle with Messrs. Villarmais, Gresle, Guiné, and Longchamps de Montendre, who descended the side of the vessel to throw himself into the sea, but returned almost immediately to persuade Mlle. Caillou to save herself. There we have the first idea of the death of the heroine. But let us arrive at what concerns the commandant of the Saint Géran, Captain Delamare. Edme. had disposed the plank where his captain should place himself. He had attached lines to this plank, that he might tow it in swimming. "My captain," said he, "undress yourself (quit your vest and breeches); you will save yourself more easily!" But M. Delamare, said Caret, would not consent, saying it would not agree with his notions of decency to reach shore naked; and, besides, he had papers in his pocket which he could not leave behind. So the truth is, that it was the captain who drowned for modesty, and for duty, he having state papers upon his person. In giving the name of Virginia to his heroine, Bernardin de Saint Pierre borrowed those of two ladies who were his wives - not both at once : Mlle. Latour, niece of General Du Bosquet, in the service of Russia, and Mlle. Virginie Faubenheim, daughter of a farm manager of Berlin.

On the 17th of November the new manufactory of Sèvres was inaugurated by President MacMahon. This establishment, situated at the bottom of the park of St. Cloud, near to the gate of Sèvres, was commenced sixteen years ago (1861), to replace the one erected upon the slope of the hill in 1756, when was transported to the village of St. Cloud the royal manufactory of tender porcelains established in 1745 at Vincennes. The new establishment, constructed by the architect Laudia, occupies a surface of 42,000 square yards, of which 10,000 are covered by the buildings. These, to the number of about seventeen, are not altogether finished. To complete the work - the actual authorized labor - requires a sum of 370,000 francs (about \$74,000 gold) to add to the sum already expended of 5,871,000 francs. When finished, the manufactory will have cost between six and seven millions of francs. The value of the collection greatly surpasses that sum. Their importance in the history of porcelains and for the instruction of artists is unimaginable. It is to them we owe the renaissance of the art of porcelain making.

Their present arrangement is temporary. The zealous director of the collections, M. Champfleury, proposes to occupy the winter months in making a new classification, so that each piece of pottery will be in light and easily attainable to the student, in the triple point of view of geography, history and technicalthat is to say, for the last class, whether it belongs to porcelains or faiences. All kinds are represented. If we can delight our eyes by the view of Persian vases, Damascus tiles, authentic pieces of Oriental faience, we must thank in part M. Watteville, who charges all savants sent on mission - no matter what - into Asia, ence they may meet with or procure. It is really necessary to employ such ways and means to enrich a museum with an annual budget of only 5,000 francs (\$1,000); and notwithstanding that, with this miserable little sum, they have just acquired the Madonna of the school of Luca della Robbia, a beautiful statue in faience, to-day the admiration of all visitors.

The part the most interesting, and it may be the most beautiful of the collection, is that composed of the proper works of Sèvres itself; and it is very interesting to see with what facility, what simplicity of process these marvels are produced. Here is the atelier of the turners: no whistling belts here; each potter is seated before a sort of little table, which he makes to turn rapidly around an upright axis, or shaft; upon this table he throws a mass of soft clay, and with his naked hand, without any tools whatever, he fashions death, when so many innocents were swallowed up. it according to his taste, and in a moment it becomes The episode of Virginia preferring to die rather than a god, table or wash-bowl. The workman presses created, but which he does not find perfect enough the work is dissolved, disappears and retakes its shapeless form again. Then, oh marvelous! it is reborn under the hand that destroyed it, and, like a mineral flower, spreads its corolla more delicate, more charming than ever. All these works, more artistic than industrial, are carried into enormous ovens, large as an ordinary country house, and in which the fire roars and hisses. These ovens are divided into two stories. In the upper one (the least heated) the works are dried and hardened. Then they are painted; then plunged into the bath, where they are covered with the substance which appears like a thick transparent varnish upon being melted in the oven. The works are then retaken to the oven, inclosed in protective boxes of sandstone. It is then that they are submitted to the full violence of the fire. The fire, to bake an ovenful, is kept going thirty hours. The oven destined to bake the white porcelain is heated with pit coal, and seven tons is necessary for the one baking; but for the blue porcelains, the smoke from coal destroying the color, the oven is heated with wood, and in the thirty hours are burned thirty-two stères (about 107 cubic feet), as much as an ordinary household would consume in ten years.

There are many other processes very interesting. Here, the paste is moulded by being stamped into hollow vases; there, that same paste, liquefied by the addition of water, is run into moulds of plaster, where they form a layer of marvelous thinness - the eggshell porcelain. But I can not say more of these interesting works at present. Some future day I will take you to Sèvres, when all is arranged, and you shall see more of those wonders of the potter's art.

Let us talk a little of the theatres. Applications have been made to the Minister of the Beaux Arts and M. Perrin, director of the French Theatre, to have put upon the stage the "Œdipus the King" of Jules Lacroix. This tragedy was played for the first time on the 18th of September, 1858, a short time after the French Academy had crowned it by unanimous vote. It is to be remounted in the most gorgeous style, even for Paris theatres, and the most beautiful of the inspirations of Mendelssohn are to be adapted to the chorus. M. Jules Lacroix, one of the greatest tragic poets of France, is to-day seventy years of age. His wife, Princess Rzewska, sister of Madame de Balzac and grand-aunt of the Duchess of Decazes, is still older. The ardent desire of these two old people is to see once again before dying, "Œdipus the King" represented. This tragedy, at its issue, was awarded the grand prize of the Academy, 10,000 francs.

The receipts for the first thirty performances of "Kosiki" - not counting the first, which was given to the author and the press - amounts to the magnificent sum of 117,000 francs (\$23,400). The director of the Renaissance Theatre is extremely happy, and rubs his hands in secret.

The Minister of Public Instruction and the Fine Arts has apppointed M. Ernest Guirand Professor of Harmony at the Conservatory of Music of Paris. The preferment of the author of "Piccolino" is applauded late war broke out, considered that his old armor, by all classes of artists and the public.

On the 20th of November, a hearse was driving not too slowly from the cemetery of Mont Parnasse to Père-la-Chaise. By the side of the driver was seated a person, who, by his dress, one recognized as an official of the burial grounds. Three grave-diggers and a poor artist - probably a musician by his dress - saluted the departure from the cemetery, and the hearse trotted through the middle of Paris to the other burial ground. No member of the Institute accompanied this "changement of place;" no one from the Conservatory, from the theatres, from the opera houses; no artist, except the poor old wreck mentioned above - came to salute for the last time these remains. And yet they were those of a great composer - those of Auber - which were transported from one end of Paris to the other without the slightest demonstration or the slightest sympathetic souvenir. Auber died on the 12th of May, 1871, during the Communists' insurrection. That circumstance

sician, who was deposited in the cellar of Trinity Church. On the 15th of July following, Auber's coffin was transported to the cemetery of Mont Parnasse and placed in a sort of hotel for the dead - a temporary resting-place where repose those who await the preparation of a home more worthy or more comfortable. It is true that they have prepared for the author of the "Black Domino," "Masaniello" and many other chef-d'œuvres, a magnificent sepulture in Père-la-Chaise; but it is not less true that the smallest shopkeeper of this great city would have honored the remains even of his mother-in-law with greater solemnity than this people did those of one of their greatest glories - the illustrious Auber.

At the Italian Opera "Aida" has been performed many times. Its "reprise" was upon the evening of November 24th; but the tenor not pleasing the Parisian press, the journals caused an indisposition of the tenor. The director, Escudier, did not hesitate a moment. He telegraphed to London, where was Nicolini, their favorite Italian tenor, just returned from St. Petersburg, after a brilliant success with Patti. The director telegraphed, I said, to Nicolini, What do you want to sing 'Aida?' Response paid,"-to which the telegraph wire responded in five words, "Fifteen hundred francs [\$300] a night," and that is how the Parisians beheld their tenor of the Italian stage upon the scenes of his many triumphs. The excellent artist repeated but once with the orchestra, and then only the romance of the fourth act, which he had had transposed. From the first couplet, at the repetition, the entire orchestra rose and saluted him with bravoes. Upon that evening the house was filled to overflowing, and the audience seconded with warmth the opinion of the orchestra. The official loge, that occupied by the Marshal-President, is the one used formerly by the Prince de Talleyrand. The one opposite belongs to the Duke of Galliera, who rents it by the year at the price of \$2,000. The saloon attached to this *loge* is a gem in its way, and is of the most refined elegance. It was furnished by the duke himself.

At the Opera Comique "Lalla Rourke" is produced in the delightful way these people have in such matters. The principal soprano, Mlle. Brunet Lafleur (Mme. Armand Roux in private life), was welcomed with sympathy, as it was her first appearance for some years. In 1867, upon the evening of her débût at the theatre, as she had just received the first prize of singing at the Conservatory, Auber (who was then the director) said to her: "You will have great difficulty in succeeding. There are too many actresses named Brunet, and you will do yourself wrong. You must change your name." "Never!" said the young lady. "Then it will be necessary to add to your name that of some relative which sounds well. And after having heard repeated a whole string of names, the youthful old man, the eternal lover of spring-time - Auber finally chose the name Lafleur

There is in Paris an old-curiosity dealer - there are hundreds, but this one in particular - who, when the arms, etc., had much less chance of selling than the commonest sabre of the present day-placed them in safety, took one of the last trains leaving Paris, and went into his native mountains, which he traversed from one end to the other in a "business way." One evening, in an old manor where he had asked hospitality for the night, he saw a plate of Limoges enameling of a brilliancy, color and richness unknown. Another person would have "jumped upon it;" but he -he seemed not to notice it. He made a second visit; then a third; briefly, he spent two months hovering around that plate, not daring to bargain. He knew well that to him, a collector, it would be sold dearly. He looked for a third party, and this was the notary of the village, who believes he was satisfying an innocent mania in procuring the plate at a price very high, as he thought. At the armistice, our draw material for admonition or for consolation at, man returns triumphantly to Paris with his plate, which cost him, all things included, 4,000 francs (\$800). Buyers were not wanting; but the merchant did not permit of obsequies worthy of the grand mu- wished to make a choice. He offered his treasure to clearer impression to a wider circle of readers.

the Museum of Paris at the price of 20,000 francs (\$4,000). The Museum could not purchase it. He addressed himself to Sir Richard Wallace, who gave him 35,000 francs for the enamel. "I did not wish to ask more of him," said the innocent merchant. "I wished to keep in mind the great good Sir Richard had done to the Parisians." And the fact is, the plate is well worth \$10,000. It is to-day the orna-And the fact is, the ment of Kensington Museum, to which Sir Richard Wallace has loaned it.

A last note; and this caught my eye by the one name which seemed to start from the page before all others, and ask, "Have you heard of me?" marriage of an officer in the French army is announced - M. Gilbert des Voisins. The letters of invitation were issued by the Countess Gilbert des Voisins, whom all Europe formerly applauded under the name of Taglioni. - Outremer.

THE MINISTER'S FORD.

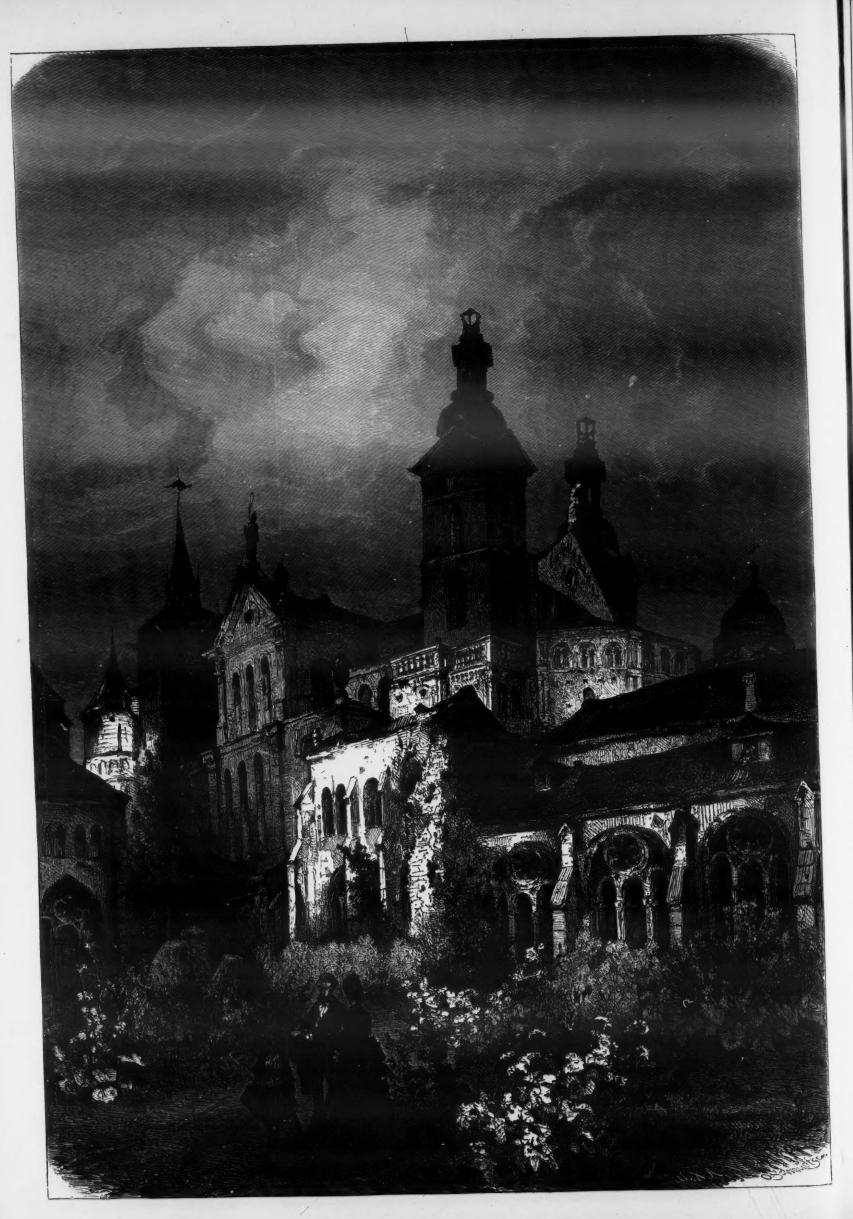
Naturally enough Mr. Read's picture of the "Minister's Ford" recalls forcibly the early history of the Church in this country, and especially that of the Methodist itinerancy. In those old times, of which Peter Cartwright and others of his contemporaries and associates have told us, the office of pastor on the frontiers of civilization was by no means any sinecure, involving as it did all the dangers and deprivations of the ordinary pioneer, with the addition of constant journeys by day and by night, the absence of any settled home, and the possibility, always present, of being confronted, in addition to other perils, with some of those rough spirits whom civilization always brings in her van, however swift she may be to disregard or to discard them when she has established her They were foothold more permanently on the soil. a remarkable race, those early pioneers of the gospel. Not one whit less fervid and devoted were those men than were the Apostles, nor did the Apostles undergo anything more of danger or of hardship than did these humble followers of the teachings of Wesley. Nor had they the encouragement which the Twelve must have derived from the feeling that they had been divinely commissioned; from the capability of working miracles, and from the many other extraordinary powers with which they felt themselves endowed. Our pioneer clergy had no such feelings of a special mission and a special ordination to sustain them, but bravely went on their way day by day and night by night, braving all perils and meeting all deprivations with no less courage than was shown by their great Not even the most skeptical of men predecessors. could refuse this meed of praise for the courage, the devotion to an idea of duty, and of self-abnegation for a sentiment, of which they were the great exemplars of the present day.

The picture also recalls, with almost equal force, the Scotch clergy, who, of all those of the British Isles, most strongly remind us of the pioneer preachers of our own country whom we have been describing. Very few of those parsons had large stipends, while they almost all had large parishes which it was necessary to traverse at frequent intervals, and not a few of their journeys were taken on horseback, by unfrequented paths, where wheeled vehicle had been seldom seen, and where to drive one would be almost an impossibility under the circumstances.

All these things are called up by the picture of the Minister's Ford," let its location be where it may. It is enough to look on the landscapepainted as it is - and then on the figure of the good old pastor, who, anxious to continue his studies, has either chosen for himself, or has allowed his horse to choose for him, the shallowest and easiest ford known in the whole length of the stream. Hence it is that the good man finds himself enabled to jog along so comfortably even while conning his Testament, or other book of devotion, from whose pages he is to perhaps, his next parochial visit.

We have published few more carefully and tenderly conceived landscapes, and few which will convey





THE CATHEDRAL OF TREVES, - P. BURMEISTER.